

Sports Illustrated



FEBRUARY 19, 1962

25 CENTS

**HOW TO HIT
AS FAR AS A MAN**

by Mickey Wright



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discerning people enjoy it

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Note: These "Memo to Advertisers" pages appear only in the copies of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* that go to our friends in the advertising business

February 19, 1962

MEMO TO ADVERTISERS

From L. L. Callaway Jr.

A line from an old Irish song goes, "But it isn't this time of year at all!" But, in fact, it is.

It's the time when everybody does his sums, toes things up, settles accounts, balances out sheets and takes a long view of what's happened lately. Like, in 1961.

... 'Tis, indeed, the time for annual reports.

We at *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* do some of our own figuring, of course, but we take as our final judge, as do most other magazines, an organization which finds its home in Norwalk, Connecticut, and which calls itself (and is called) the Publishers Information Bureau—more familiarly to us and to you, PIB.

PIB is the source most magazines quote when they run ads about their advertising standings. Although supported by the various publishers in the magazine industry, it is completely independent as to its work and its findings. As such, it functions as a continuing recorder of magazines as advertising media.

PIB publishes a quarterly analysis of the advertising pages and gross revenue (without regard to agency or frequency discounts) each magazine gets from the various advertising classifications. It then ranks the magazines as to their standings within these classifications.

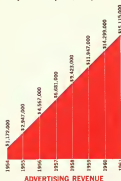
But now PIB has just completed its annual report for 1961. Hence this memo.

We found many of PIB's standings fascinating. We hope you will, too.

For instance:

For the first time, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* exceeded that magical figure that rolls so trippingly off the tongue: \$15,000,000 gross revenue for the year (actually \$15,115,426).

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is again 9th among all magazines in total pages carried, but now a much more "pushy" 9th. Last year we were more than 300 pages away from 8th place; this year we are only 36 pages away.



In consumer advertising pages (i.e. advertisements for automobiles, clothing, liquor, travel, toiletries, cigarettes—all the things that add to life's pleasures) **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has risen to a very solid 3rd place, passing the Saturday Evening Post and Vogue. Only LIFE and the New Yorker surpass us.

(pages) **CONSUMER ADVERTISING**

4707	NEW YORKER
2764	LIFE
1733	SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
1599	POST
1549	VOGUE



In the last year, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has moved to 3rd place in pages of Automotive Accessories and Equipment (up from 5th) . . . and in Passenger Cars alone, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** rose to 2nd place in page rankings, again up from 5th. In this classification, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** showed the greatest increase in pages of any of the top ten magazines. (If you've ever worked in Detroit, this record seems pretty tremendous.)

In Tires and Tubes, **SI** maintained its 5th place in page rankings, but practically doubled the number of pages it carried.

We don't suppose the fact that as many **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** families own two cars as own one hurts us in the automotive classifications; or that there are 153 cars for every 100 **SI** families; or that those families buy at the rate of 28 new cars per year per 100 families. It doesn't hurt either that **SI** is abreast of a trend which has caused every major U.S. automobile manufacturer to bring out a sports car or a car with sports car characteristics; or that driving itself is, indeed, America's favorite sport.

(pages) **AUTOMOTIVE**

493	LIFE
401	POST
343	SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
306	TIME
280	NEWSWEEK



Last year, for the first time, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** was 1st among all magazines in revenue from Men's Wear advertising. Helping us here, I believe, were several factors: sport is a central theme in the apparel industry today; **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** provides a perfect editorial setting for clothes of all kinds; the kind of people who read **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** are the kind, who, because of their social and business positions, want to and, in fact, need to dress for all sorts of occasions.

(revenue) **APPAREL**

\$2,669,901	SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
2,475,757	LIFE
2,227,350	ESQUIRE
1,660,891	NEW YORKER
1,474,123	POST



(continued on back flap of this insert)
Volume 16, Number 7

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly by TIME, Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except one issue at year end. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$6.75 a year. This issue published in national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: Eastern, E1-E8; Midwestern, M1-M8; Southern, S1-S4; Western, W1-W8; Florida, F1-F4, S2, S4; Special, SP1-SP4.

Why it makes sense to go Crestliner...

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Meet the EMPRESS... a trailer-size cruiser with family-size comfort. Her unique Crestliner hull design cuts gently through rough water to give you a soft, level ride. You can loaf along serenely while you fish, or fix a meal... but lean on that throttle and her hundred-horse Interceptor takes you up to 25 mph with quiet, commanding competence.

This Empress is regal in every detail. Wide, soft foam berths are 7 1/2 feet long. All cushions are richly trimmed in soft weatherproof vinyl, bronze and turquoise, to set off the colored deck and clean white hull. She is stoutly built all through with extra layers of fiberglass, for carefree cruising and effortless maintenance. And styled! You'll command respect at any dock.

Nobody builds a boat like Crestliner. And it's the easiest of all boats to own, as your nearby Crestliner dealer will be happy to show you. Why not visit him soon?



ASK FOR THIS BIG CATALOG at your Crestliner dealer's—also ask about his terms and trade-in allowances. Write us, at Thompsonville, Conn.

Crestliner

A DIVISION OF BIGELOW-SANFORD, INC., HEADQUARTERS
THOMPSONVILLE, CONN. LICENSEE: WATERLOO, CANADA. AFFILIATE: COMO, ITALY

Town & Country brings new elegance to portable TV

Some of the important differences between the new Philco Town & Country and the run of portable TV sets are readily apparent. You can see the handsome new tapered styling, the unique control panel with its new Visual-Volume Indicator and oversized illuminated channel window. You can almost feel the lighter weight, the beautiful balance! But within that stunning case are the best reasons for selecting Town & Country... the brighter, clearer Vivid Vision picture... the sheer quality that's built into every component. This extra quality means longer, happier television life. □ Cost? Only a wee bit more than most portables and worth every red cent of it!

ILLUSTRATED—PHILCO 3846 "BLACK BEAR." 19" OVERALL DIAGONAL MEASUREMENT—170 SQUARE INCH VIEWABLE AREA.

PHILCO Patrons for Quality
the World Over
A Division of Ford Motor Company.



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Five pages of color photographs capture the spectacular action of this Basque version of handball

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Established as part of our folklore, the Boy Scouts are now flourishing as never before

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Shin Mitzky Wright, the longest hitter in women's golf, explains how you too can stretch out those tee shots

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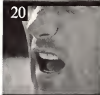
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Next week

Photographer David Moore shows Australian sailors in action, and Fred Hubbard tells the story of Sir Frank Packer, the bullheaded Aussie who is out to win the America's Cup.

In its 80 years as an American phenomenon, the country club has undergone what amounts to a revolution. Here, in the first of two parts, is how it all got started, and how it grew.

Marine Corporal John Udesen is the world's first 16-foot pole-vaulter. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED explores the controversy raging around the fiberglass pole he used to set his indoor record.



See how the shaft flexes to generate added club head speed just before impact. New Wilson Staff clubs are first to match the flex-action of every shaft to the head weight of each club in a set. Now, every golfer can have greater control, better feel with every shot. This strobe-sequence photo made with each flash at one-millionth ($1/1,000,000$) sec. by Edgerton, Germeshausen & Grier, Inc., Boston, Mass.

Place a straight sheet of paper along the shaft to see how much the shaft flexes.

Quality leader ... of a quality line

THE RAMBLER AMBASSADOR

... with Budd-built body parts

The 1962 Rambler Ambassador is a worthy representative of a worthy line. One reason for its unusual quality—solid, precision-made body components by Budd. The Rambler Ambassador is but one of the twenty leading American cars that use Budd quality components.*

For nearly 50 years, Budd engineering skills have been creatively serving all phases of the automotive industry with new products, processes and specialized production facilities. To find out how these skills and facilities can be turned to your advantage in helping build tomorrow's cars, write: Budd Automotive, Detroit 15.

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Unspoiled and unmatched, anywhere! One hundred luxury rooms and suites adorn this easily accessible, most unique, beautiful and complete waterfront resort. Enjoy championship GOLF, tennis, superb FRESH & SALT WATER FISHING, plus nightly entertainment. Scenic dining and food to please the most discriminating. Nowhere—but nowhere—will you find more comforts and fun filled days, or nicer people than at fabulous PORT PARADISE HOTEL, Crystal River, Florida. Telephone No. 795-3111.

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IN THE HEIDELBERG BATHSKELLER
THE SINGING WAITERS
and

THE HUNGRY FOUR

KNOWN FROM COAST TO COAST FOR FABULOUS PRERO



POINT OF FACT

A boxing quiz to excite the memory
and increase the knowledge of the sexual
tan and the armchair expert

? Has any fighter fought in all eight weight divisions?

• Yes, Georges Carpentier. He started his career as an amateur flyweight in 1906 and by 1911 had worked his way up to the welterweight championship of Europe. For two years (1920-22) he was world light-heavyweight champion.

? What was the greatest weight difference between fighters in a championship fight?

• On March 1, 1934 Tommy Loughran, the former light-heavyweight champion, fought Primo Camera for the heavyweight championship. Loughran weighed 184 pounds and Camera 270, a difference of 86 pounds. Camera retained his title by a decision in 15 rounds.

? When was the first championship fight broadcast?

• On July 2, 1921 the heavyweight title fight between Jack Dempsey and Georges Carpentier at Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City was broadcast by New York Station WEAF. The announcer was Major Andrew White. The first fight of any kind to be broadcast over the radio was a preliminary between Paddy O'Garty and Frankie Burns on the same card. The first championship fight to be televised was the Willie Pep-Chalky Wright featherweight bout at Madison Square Garden on Sept. 29, 1944.



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 In Montreal, 2188 Avenue St. J.

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SR-19

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? *What fights participated in the most title bores?*

• George Dixon fought in 33 championship fights. He won the bantamweight title in 1890, challenged for it twice and defended it twice. He also won the featherweight title two times (1891 and 1898). He defended it 25 times and challenged for it once (1901) in a boxing career that extended from 1886 to 1906.

? *How t Armstrong was the only fighter ever to hold three championships simultaneously? What were they?*

• Armstrong won the featherweight title on Oct. 29, 1937, when he knocked out Petey Sarron in the sixth round. He became welterweight champion on May 31, 1938, when he defeated Barney Ross in 15 rounds, and in his next fight, on Aug. 17, won the lightweight title by decisioning Lou Ambers in 15 rounds. He also challenged for the middleweight championship but was held to a draw by Colereno Garcia on March 1, 1940. Armstrong relinquished his featherweight title in December 1938, when he couldn't make the weight. He lost his lightweight title to Ambers on Aug. 22, 1939, and his welterweight title to Friker Zivic on Oct. 4, 1940. Both fights were 15-round decisions. Between 1937 and 1940 Armstrong won 46 straight bouts, and in his pro career (1931-45) he knocked out 97 of his 177 opponents.

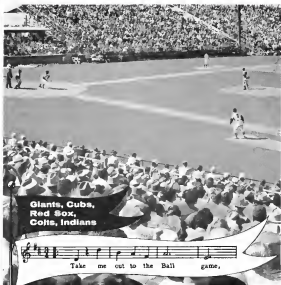
? *For any fighter, besides Armstrong, ever held three championships?*

• Only Bob Fitzsimmons. He became middleweight champion in 1891 when he knocked out Jack Dempsey (The Nonpareil). Six years later, while still claiming the middleweight title, Fitzsimmons became heavyweight champion when he knocked out Jim Corbett. Shortly after that fight Fitzsimmons relinquished the middleweight title. Two years later, in his only defense of the heavyweight championship, Fitzsimmons was knocked out by Jim Jeffries. In 1903 Fitzsimmons won the light-heavyweight championship, and he lost it in 1905, when Philadelphia Jack O'Brien knocked him out in the 13th round.

? *Who were 1) The Cuadrelli Man? 2) The Orchid Man? 3) The McQueen Assassin? 4) The Bortau Tar Baby? 5) The Fargo Express? 6) The Toy Bulldog?*

• 1) Jim Bredlock, who won the heavyweight championship from Max Baer in 1935 and lost it to Joe Louis in 1937. 2) Georges Carpentier. 3) Stanley Ketchel, who was twice middleweight champion between 1908 and 1910. 4) Sam Langford, who

continued



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CITY..... STATE.....

POINT OF FACT *continued*

fought 245 fights, in the welterweight through heavyweight divisions (1902-1924), and lost only 22 times. 5) Billy Petrolle, who fought for the lightweight title in 1932 and had 157 fights between 1924 and 1934. 6) Mackey Walker, who was both welterweight champion (1922-1936) and middleweight champion (1926-1931).

2 What fighter had the most consecutive wins?

• Willie Pep won his first professional fight on July 3, 1940 and won 61 more before he lost to Sammy Angott on March 19, 1943. He won 72 more fights and had one draw before he was defeated again, on Oct. 29, 1948. In that bout he lost his featherweight championship to Sandy Saddler. In all, Pep lost only nine of his 229 fights and three of those losses were knockouts by Saddler.

3 Joe Louis held the heavyweight championship 11 years & 8 months (June 22, 1937-March 1, 1949). Has any fighter held a championship for a longer period of time?

• No. Johnny Kilbane, who held the featherweight championship for 11 years 3½ months (Feb. 22, 1912-June 2, 1923), came closest. Archie Moore, the present lightweight champion, has a chance to break Louis' longevity record. He gained his title Dec. 17, 1952, when he beat Joey Maxim in 15 rounds.

4 Randy Turpin held the middleweight championship exactly two months and two days (July 10-Sept. 12, 1951). Was that the shortest reign for a titleholder?

• No. Emile (Spider) Pladner was flyweight champion one month and 16 days in 1929, and Dave Sullivan was the featherweight champion the same length of time in 1898. In 1921 Pete Herman held the bantamweight title one month and 29 days.

5 What fighter scored the most knockouts in his career?

• Archie Moore has knocked out 133 of his 215 opponents since he became a professional in 1936. Young Stribling, who fought at every weight from bantam to heavyweight between 1921 and 1933, scored 126 knockouts in 286 fights; George (K.O.) Chaney, once a featherweight title contender, had 102 knockouts in 181 fights (1910-25); and Sandy Saddler, two times the featherweight champion, also scored 102 knockouts in 162 fights between 1944 and 1956.



For Memorable Moments...

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Planning a trip to France? Be sure to visit the famous 15-mile champagne cellars of Maison Moët & Chandon in Epernay. For arrangements, see your travel agent. Schieffelin & Co., New York

WILSON MAKES GOLF SHAFT HISTORY

1962 Wilson Staff clubs are first with every shaft matched in flex-action to the weight of its club head

This startling photograph (opposite) of the flex-action of a Wilson Staff-Pro shaft is a clue to this year's best news for golfers. News of a history-making improvement in golf shafts, introduced by the Wilson Sporting Goods Co.

This new and proven concept in golf shafts is engineered to provide every golfer with uniform feel—to help him achieve consistently good timing—to help

him hit the ball at the same instant during every swing with every club face in proper hitting position.

Flex-action of shaft related to head weight

In every set of "matched" clubs, the club heads increase in weight as they increase in loft. The 1962 Wilson Staff woods and irons have shafts precisely engineered so that every shaft has its flex-action matched to the specific weight of its club head.

This is demonstrated in the photograph (opposite). It is one of a series of high speed photos taken of golf shafts in action. Each photograph shows how this sensitive shaft flex-action is directly related to the head weight of every club.

"Ordinary" golf sets only half-matched

No other golf club manufacturer has engineered such precise control of the flex-action in every shaft. Fact is, no more than half the shafts in other sets are truly matched to their club heads. They're only half-matched—a big reason for those sour-swinging clubs golfers complain about.

Examine the new Wilson Staff woods and irons at your golf professional shop. Look for the black rings that mark the individual flex-step on each of these history-making new shafts. See how the black rings step down on each shaft as the weight of each club head increases.

Swing every club. Then trade-in your half-matched set for the new Wilson Staff woods and irons. Be first in your foursome to get the feeling of a truly matched set.



First truly matched set. See how the shaft-flex point steps down on each club as head weight increases. Proof that only Wilson Staff-Pro shafts are engineered to compensate for the difference in club head weights within a set.



"Ordinary" half-matched sets. Diagram shows how identical shafts are fitted to more than one club head. Although head weights vary, shaft action does not. No more than half these shafts can match the weight of their club heads.



PLAY TO WIN WITH

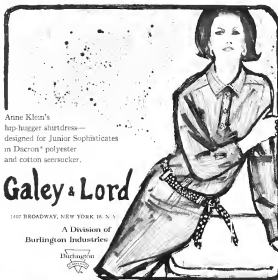
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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, FEBRUARY 19, 1962

SCORECARD

THE MINUTE MEN

That favorite whipping boy of politicians—horse racing—was whacked in Boston recently, though this time it was in good company, assuming the U.S. Treasury is good company. The Massachusetts House of Representatives passed a resolution calling upon newspapers to stop publishing racing entries and results, pari-mutuel figures and federal Treasury balances. The reason: numbers racketeers use digits from the pari-mutuels and the Treasury balance to determine each day's winning numbers.

The resolution is arrogant nonsense. It assumes that if the figures were not printed the numbers racketeers would instantly stop bribing cops and public officials and retire. We are delighted that Boston's newspapers immediately and unanimously rejected the proposal. They will continue to publish Treasury balances for the edification of businessmen and racing news for the edification of \$2 bettors and other followers of the Thoroughbred. The runners will continue to bring their betting slips to the neighborhood drop, the police will continue to look the other way, and the legislators will continue to make idle noises.

FALLING ARCHIE

The New York boxing commission, proceeding with all possible torpor, finally has separated Archie Moore from the light-heavyweight title he has been so casually disinclined to defend, and directed Harold Johnson and Doug Jones, the top contenders, to fight for the championship.

New York thus followed the example of the National Boxing Association. That assembly stripped Moore of his crown a year ago, designating Johnson as its champion. If the British and European boxing authorities take similar action, Moore will retain token recognition only in Massachusetts, a self-serving mugwump, and California, which is selfishly motivated (it has hopes of getting a Moore-Fullmer fight in the by-and-by).

Archie is a droll fellow, and he has had a hard row, but he has defended his

title only once in the last 2½ years and then against Giulio Rinaldi, a hand-picked challenger more notable for pasta consumption than boxing ability.

There is much to be said for Archie, the last of the great physiocrats. What with his eroded skulls, he obviously doesn't wish to risk his title against challengers as formidable as Johnson and Jones without being amply compensated. He says fighting either would be tantamount to "financial suicide." This may be true; Johnson and Jones are poor draws. But prizefighting is supposed to be, however remotely, a sport; the prize is a reward for ability at punching an opponent, not an adding machine. It is not a recompense for uncommon good nature, durability or old abuses.

In a community of law there is provision for the compassionate exception, but Moore has strained the quantity of mercy. The championship is a public trust, not a private preserve.

POURING IT ON

All Saints High School turned out to be the class of Detroit's Catholic League basketball play this year, winning all but one game of a 14-game schedule. It was their final game that caused the trouble. The opponent, Immaculate Conception, started the game with only seven available players. By the early minutes of the second half, three had fouled out. All Saints could not resist the opportunity and went on to win 151-26. Result: the Catholic League charged All Saints Coach Mike Guza with running up the score in "a flagrant violation of ethics." Guza was put on probation for a year.

THE TIME DISEASE

"Asynchronosis" is a malaise of the jet age. It affects 70% of those who make long-distance jet flights across several time zones and is particularly disturbing to those traveling east to west, such as ballplayers and racehorses. The globe-trotter, explains Dr. Hubertus Strughold, professor of space medicine at Brooks Field, Texas, experiences a phase shift that throws his physiological require-

ments and his social or business calendar into a sort of transcontinental cocktail shaker. For the westerner who has come East, the morning hours are the worst possible for making decisions and going out of doors. For the east-to-west, the afternoons and evenings (usual times for sports events) can be fateful. The ballplayer is racked with hunger in the fifth inning and falls asleep by the watercooler in the seventh. The racehorse droops languidly in the stretch, having thoughts of pasture. Ray Berry of the Baltimore Colts attests that asynchronosis has been a factor in the Colts' 4-10 record on the Coast. The New York Yankees may be worried, too, but even in their asynchronotic state they still will have only the Angels to face in Los Angeles.

COURT ORDER

De-Stalinization has hit Russian athletics, whether Mao Tse-tung likes it or not. A Russian skier who competed in the Winter Olympics at Squaw Valley under the name Stalina Korzukhina turned up recently at the meet in Saint-Gervais, but this time her first name was Talina.

GROUNDS FOR STAMPING

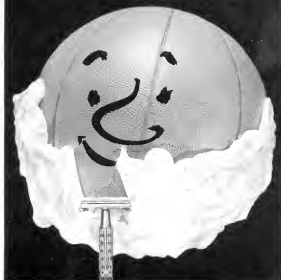
Irish fishermen, traditionally adept at the old, cunning and dubious art of sickling a fish's belly until he is so overcome with bliss he can be plucked from the stream, have this winter revived a more forceful but equally effective fishing technique. For some time the inland



Fisheries Trust has been trying to clean the pike out of Lough Carra, a shallow lake in County Mayo. Alas, the white marl bottom is so bright the pike could see and avoid the nets and traps. But when Lough Carra froze over, the fish heard the knock of doom, viz:

continued

Even tough hides need Noxzema Medicated Lather



The closer you shave the more you need Noxzema

Noxzema Medicated Instant Lather is a cream lather—extra-rich! It's the only instant lather medicated with Noxzema's famous skin-care formula. Lets you shave clean, cool and close—without irritation.

And Noxzema saves you money. It's concentrated—gives you far more lather per can. Try it! Also in Brushless and Lather.



Ordinary lathers can't hold up pencil, often let whiskers droop, too. So your razor snags and scrapes—irritates skin.

Creamy, rich Noxzema holds up your whiskers as it does this pencil. You shave clean and close without irritation.



SCORECARD

Fishermen walk out on the ice, peering down for pike. When one is spotted, the fisherman stomps directly over it. The rattled pike swims off to a new stand. The fisherman rees in pursuit and stomps again. A few desperate rushes, a few hard knocks and the pike poops out and tnes to surface. A final sharp rap stuns the tormented fish. A hole is quickly made and the knocked-out pike scooped up. Total bag to date: about 400 up to 22 pounds.

THEY SAID IT

- Golfer Jerry Barber, answering a question as to how he has compensated for his low weight (137 pounds): "I haven't. A good big man can always beat a good little man and they prove it to me every week." The solution? "Draft Palmer, Lattler and those other guys and leave the tour to us old guys. The country is in trouble and it needs them."
- Middleweight Champion Gene Fullmer on losing: "There are no good losers—maybe gracious losers, because no one wins 'em all. If there's a good loser in boxing, I'd like to fight him every week."
- Doug Camillo, young Dodger catcher who has been traveling back and forth from majors to minors for two seasons: "In my new contract I'm going to ask the Dodgers to pay me by the mile."
- Army's former assistant football coach, Johnny Rauch, now at Tulane: "I heard some of the endets were awfully disappointed when Paul Dietzel arrived at the Point by automobile. They had expected him to walk up the Hudson."
- Cassius Clay, making a rare concession after an unknown puncher knocked him off his feet for a few trifling seconds in a bout in Madison Square Garden: "Every now and then I gotta get hit to realize I'm like other people."

SIGNS OF LIFE

Last September, in a belated but nonetheless valiant effort to revive boxing, Madison Square Garden began to subsidize small, collapsing and flat-busted boxing clubs (\$1, Sept. 11). The Garden exacted no tribute; its only demand was that a promoter run a series of shows to indicate he wasn't selishly trying to get rich (or go broke) in a hurry.

Last week, after five months of artificial respiration, boxing was beginning to show heartening signs of life. Although some promoters threw in the towel despite a \$750 a week grant, many

continued

The all-new model T

Hanes has been building millions of model Ts. But none quite like this: the Hanes Executive T-shirt.

All-new fabric. 100% Supima® cotton knit, one of the smoothest, longest wearing cottons there is.

All-new design. The neckline. It's what we call a Sportsman-type neckline. Free and easy. Looks good, feels even better.

New. The detailing all the way from neck to sleeves. Keeps the neck in line, reinforces shoulder seams. Contributes to the over-all good looks and fit.

This all-new model T is another reason why you should take a good look at Hanes Executive Line of pajamas, underwear, Pro's Choice® shirts.

The all-new model T as only Hanes can make it, \$1.50



EXECUTIVE LINE

P. H. Hanes Knitting Co.
Winston-Salem 1, N. C.
Sweden • Australia • New Zealand

Just what is the "right size" car

You are hearing a lot of noise about the "right size."

How ridiculous can you get?

When you stop to think of it there is no such thing as the right size car for everybody any more than there is a right size shoe for everybody.

Chrysler Corporation offers six different makes of cars and a total of 90 body styles.

None is the right size, the right price, the right car for everybody.

Each is the right size, the right price, the right car for somebody.

Except for the sports jobs with bucket seats, all give you traditional six-passenger comfort.

All have what our engineers call "fat-free performance," which means a lot more action on a lot less gas.

All have the easy handling and riding qualities which get rave notices from the automotive writers.

All, in every price class, have something extra built into them which is the best way we know of to win new customers and sell more automobiles.

The right size is one thing. That depends naturally on the size of your family—and on whether this is to be your "main car" or a second car.

Other things you will naturally be interested in are these:

Are they easy to park?

Since Chrysler Corporation holds that you shouldn't have to struggle



every time you park the car, the 1962 line includes 51 models of 202 inches of overall length, or less. And while these cars are more parkable, they still offer full six-passenger comfort.

Who drives the car?

Do you drive it long distances in

business or for long vacation trips? Or is it to be used mainly by your wife for normal family errands, involving a lot of parking?

In either case Chrysler Corporation offers you in every price class a superlative road machine which rides and handles beautifully.

If it's to be used mainly for long

for you and your family?

trips you'll be interested in legroom. Did you know that the 1962 Plymouth, for example, gives front seat passengers *more legroom than the most expensive American cars*, excepting only our own Imperial?








If you're feeling bewitched, bothered, and bewildered by all the 288 different models of cars available

this year (not counting the foreign makes), here's how we can help you out.

To provide you with a quick and easy guide to selecting the "right car" for your family, your garage, and your pocketbook, we offer the following "Right-Car Chart" to better transportation.

Just see your dealer and tell him we sent you for a "try-it-for-size" drive, without obligation, of course.

SEE THE MILTON BERLE SHOW starring MILTON BERLE and his guests JACK HENRY, JAMES FAHEY, LEO GORDON and his orchestra, Eddie Allwright (LELA ROSE), special guest star LAWRENCE HARVEY, Friday, March 9, 8:00-11

Right-Car Chart		NO. OF DOOR STYLES	WHEEL BASE (INCHES)	OVERALL LENGTH (INCHES)	HEIGHT (INCHES)	WIDTH (INCHES)	STANDARD TUNING	HORSEPOWER	COMPRESSION RATIO	TYPE OF FUEL	FUEL TANK CAPACITY (GALL.)	TRANSMISSION	POWERSTEERING & BRAKES	SEATBELTS	WHEELS	CONVERTIBLES	WAGON	BUCKET SEATS	PRICES START AT
	VALIANT	7	106.5	168.2	52.7	70.4	6	101 148	8.2:1	REG.	14	OPT.	OPT.	•	•	•	•	•	\$1930*
	PLYMOUTH	25	116	202 210	54.7 54.7	70.6	8 8-1/2	148 158	8.2:1 8.2:1	REG. OR PREM.	20 21.5	OPT.	OPT.	•	•	•	•	•	\$2204*
	LANCER	7	106.6	168.6	52.7	72.3	6	101 148	8.2:1	REG.	14	OPT.	OPT.	•	•	•	•	•	\$1951*
	DODGE DART	26	116	202 205.5	52.7 52.7	76.5	6 6-1/2	148 155	8.2:1 9.2:1	REG. OR PREM.	20 21.5	OPT.	OPT.	•	•	•	•	•	\$2243*
	DODGE CUSTOM 880	6	122	218.5 231.5	58.2 58.2	78.7	VE	265	9:1	REG.	21- 23	OPT.	OPT.	•	•	•	•	•	\$2964*
	CHRYSLER	13	122	226 230.4	58.2 58.2	79.4	VE	265 300	9:1 10.1:1	REG. OR PREM.	21- 23	OPT.	STD AND OPT.	•	•	•	•	•	\$2964*
	IMPERIAL	6	129	277.1	58.8- 58	81.7	VE	342	10.1:1	PREM.	23	STD	STD	•	•				\$4900*

*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail list price, exclusive of destination charge.

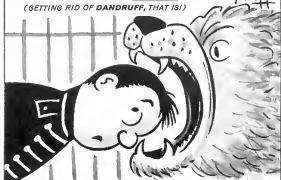
The people at Chrysler Corporation

Where engineering puts something extra into every car

PLYMOUTH ■ VALIANT ■ DODGE ■ DART ■ LANCER ■ CHRYSLER ■ IMPERIAL ■ DODGE TRUCKS

DOING IT THE HARD WAY by hoff

(GETTING RID OF DANDRUFF, THAT IS!)



easier 3-minute way for men: FITCH

Men, get rid of embarrassing dandruff easy as 1-2-3 with FITCH! In just 3 minutes (one rubbing, one lathering, one rinsing), every trace of dandruff, grime, gummy old hair tonic goes down the drain! Your hair looks handsomer, healthier. Your scalp feels so refreshed. Use FITCH Dandruff Remover SHAMPOO every week for positive dandruff control. Keep your hair and scalp really clean, dandruff-free!



EVERY SUNDAY ON TV—

SEE THE WORLD'S GREATEST GOLFERS PLAY THE WORLD'S GREATEST COURSES



This Sunday, February 18, at Royal Melbourne—

PETER THOMSON, 4-time winner British Open

vs **GARY PLAYER**, 1961 Masters Champion



SHELL'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF GOLF

Sundays • Consult your local paper for time and station

SCORECARD *continued*

more have managed to survive to boxing's common benefit, notably in Philadelphia, Phoenix, Providence, Tacoma, San Francisco, Worcester and Revere, Mass. and Union City, N.J.

Harry Markson, the Garden's boxing director, estimates the program may cost \$100,000 for the first year. It is money well spent. There is too much anguished talk about boxing's ills and far too little being done.

EFFICIENCY

The Dodgers' gaudy new stadium in Chavez Ravine will come complete with a new feature—love seats for young couples. This will enable people to go out in the fresh air and enjoy both of America's national games simultaneously.

THE INSIDE TRACK

- Army and Navy are both interested in Ed Lucas, Detroit high school tackle and a Negro. Army has made inquiries; Navy has gone so far as to check his marks. Neither service school has ever fielded a Negro football player.
- The National Bowling League will try to stay alive next season by shortening the season and offering the players a cut of \$200,000 in prize money instead of salaries. The league would pay travel expenses; all other payments would depend on the scores of the bowlers.
- Murray Warmath, almost fired as football coach at the University of Minnesota a few years back, won a four-year contract renewal and seems headed for the job of athletic director when it comes vacant in 1963.

AVERAGE AVERAGE

In an exhaustive analysis of last season's 450 major league baseball players, statisticians have come up with some interesting figures about averages. The results showed that the average major leaguer (though no such creature exists) hit 10 home runs, batted in 43 runs, made 89 hits, walked 35 times and stole four bases. The average batting average turned out to be .269. Of the regulars, Steve Boros of the Tigers with .270 and Bob Skinner of the Pirates with .268 came closest to the average batting mark, except for one player who hit it right on the button. That player was Roger Eugene Maris of the New York Yankees. It may be said that no player in history ever did so much with such an average average.

END



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It's a Volkswagen, sort of.

Did the Italian sports jacket fool you?
This is our Karmann Ghia, a runabout
for 2.

It cruises at over 70.

And takes curves with any sports car
made.

But it isn't a sports car. It's a Volks-
wagen with a special body.

Its curves are too sculptured for mass

production. We form the body out to one
of Europe's best custom shops.

Karmann of Osnabruck.

Every seam is welded, filed, ground
down and sanded by hand.

People keep asking if it's a Ferrari or
something.

Yet the engine, transmission and what-
not are right out of our VW Sedan.

VW parts and service are all you need.
You get bucket seats, a defroster for
the rear window, soundproofing and an
electric clock, all standard equipment.

And all for \$2,295* for the coupe,
\$2,495* for the convertible.

Some people have even
walked out when they found
it wasn't \$5,000.



**Sports
Illustrated**
FEBRUARY 16, 1962

HISTORY



ON THE BOARDS

The starter's gun in Los Angeles sends off Jim Beatty (second from right) on the fastest indoor mile ever run. The field from the pole: Tabori, Beatty, Grelle, Close, Martin. Turn page for Tex Maule's story



by **TEX MAULE**

Murray Halberg, an almost painfully thin New Zealander with cool light-blue eyes under pale bushy eyebrows, had just won a two-mile race in the *Los Angeles Times* indoor track meet. Now, a few minutes later, he seemed completely rested. He had run a hard, driving first mile in 4 minutes 13 seconds, leaving the other competitors (including Canada's Bruce Kidd) far behind. The second mile was much slower as Halberg tired. It was not a typical Halberg race at all. He usually

wins his races on his finishing kick.

Someone asked him why he had run the first quarter mile in 60.3 seconds, a violent tempo for so long a race. "I hoped to do it under 60," Halberg said. "Most Yanks don't like a fast early pace, you know. Then later in the race it gives me a chance to use my strength and they can't use their speed." Halberg's time in the two-mile was a very respectable 8:42.5, well off his own indoor record but good enough to set a meet and an arena record.

Before the evening was over, a small Yank with Halbergian stamina and

even more speed disproved Halberg's theory of American distance runners. Jim Beatty, running with three of his Los Angeles Track Club teammates and with outsider Peter Close, broke the American indoor mile record in a typically meticulous race planned almost to the second by his coach, Mihaly Igloi. Beatty broke the record held by Ron Delany by 2.5 seconds, running the world's first sub-four-minute indoor mile in 3:58.9.

Said Peter Snell, Halberg's countryman, who broke his third record in two weeks at this same meet, "I'm glad I was not in that mile. I don't think I would do so well on the boards." Snell had lowered Herb Elliott's outdoor mile record two weeks ago, running in 3:54.4.

Snell was sitting in the stands with his coach, Arthur Lydiard, and Halberg during Beatty's mile run. Earlier, he had run 1,000 yards in 2:06, breaking the indoor record in this event by 1.9 seconds in his first attempt at running indoors on a wooden track. In the morning, when he had gone to the Los Angeles Sports Arena for his first look at a wooden track, he had been much amused. "I got a bit of a laugh," he said. "It looked so like a big table."

Snell had trouble twice in his race. Both times it was with the track. He is a big half-miler and the tight turns sent him skidding off balance so that he almost broke stride. Like Halberg, he went into the lead at once, set a withering pace for the first half while he built up a tremendous lead, then hung on grimly to protect most of that lead to the finish. En route to the 1,000-yard record, he broke the indoor record for the half mile by a tenth of a second, passing that point in his race in 1:50.2. Unfortunately, this cannot be recognized, since the officials at this meet had only one timer catching him at the half-mile post. It had seemed a most remote possibility that even so strong a runner as Snell could break the world record for the 880 while en route to victory in the 1,000.

Snell, of course, represents almost a new breed of runner. The day of this meet Lydiard sat at breakfast with Bill Bowerman, the fine coach of the Oregon University team, and discussed Snell. "He is a big man," Lydiard said. "Like all big men it is very difficult for him to reach the condition of a smaller man. You've heard how he cried for the last mile of his first 20-mile run because it hurt him so much. But when you work a

Photographs by My Pelesin

SPRINTING AROUND TURN. BEATTY PULLS AWAY FROM FIELD IN FINAL LAP OF MILE

big man into his condition he will always beat a small man, even in running, and where many runners pull a blue on Peter, they think he is only a powerful runner. He has very good speed, too. He can run the 100 in 10 seconds. I try to give him stamina so that he will be even at the chalk and can spring in with that fine speed."

Because he was unfamiliar with the tight indoor track, Snell did not choose to lie back in the traffic of the pack in this race. He is not a graceful runner; he has a rather lumbering stride and he carries his hands very low—which makes

him look awkward. But Lydiard was right: Snell does have extraordinary speed for a distance runner, as he proved in the opening laps of this race. He would very likely have had it in the closing laps as well had it not been for the rather strenuous life he and Halberg had led for the 48 hours just preceding the meet. They left Auckland, New Zealand, flew for 20 of the next 25 hours (they spent a five-hour layover in Hawaii sightseeing), then slept briefly at the Sheraton West Hotel in Los Angeles. On Saturday they limbered up on the board track briefly, retired to the hotel,

then walked through a steady rain shopping until it was time for them to eat and go out to the arena again.

The meet's other record breaker finished the mile still strong and full of running. Jim Beatty sprinted the last three laps of this race, opening a huge lead over teammate Jim Grelle, who finished in 4:07.1. "I was worried before the race," Beatty said. He is a small man, not at all the model of the large runner Lydiard had talked about at breakfast that morning. "This track psyches me, and I worried about it being slow and about my not being able to run well on it. I knew I

continued

AMAZING NEW ZEALANDERS HALBERG (LEFT) AND SNELL OUTDISTANCE COMPETITORS IN TWO-MILE AND 1,000-YARD RUNS



was ready to run under four minutes. I think I might have done 3:57 if we had done the three quarters in 2:58, like Igloi wanted us to."

Three weeks ago a flurry of newspaper stories said Beatty would run the first sub-four-minute mile indoors at the Los Angeles Invitational meet on this same track on Jan. 20. The stories irritated Igloi, who called Beatty to his apartment. "I show him the book," Igloi recalled after the race. He was sipping a white wine at a Hungarian restaurant in downtown Los Angeles, the scene of a victory party for the Los Angeles Track Club in celebration of Beatty's record mile. It is called the Sunshine, a name that seemed peculiarly inappropriate on the night of Los Angeles' worst rain in six years.

"The book is the book I keep on all my athletes," Igloi went on. "In this book, I have written down that Beatty cannot run better than four minute two or three seconds at that time in late January. I show him that he will run under four minutes indoors between February 10 and February 20. I show him the time I have written down."

Beatty, drinking a beer and eating Hungarian goulash, broke in. "He wrote down 3:58.8 for February 10," he said. "That's almost what I ran tonight."

Igloi may have underestimated Beatty. As originally planned—and this attack on the indoor mile record was very carefully planned—the Los Angeles Track Club runners were to pass the three-quarter-mile mark in 2:58, with Jim Grelle setting the pace at that point. Then the rains came. "It started to rain Wednesday," Beatty said. "We had finished our heavy training and we would have sharpened up Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. But we couldn't work the way we wanted to. It threw the timing off a little."

Laszlo Taborn led for the first two laps of the race. Taborn, who has been running for Igloi for many years, has a built-in stop watch; probably no other runner in the world today can run as close to a prescribed time for a quarter mile as he can. Beatty took the lead from him just as they finished the first quarter. Igloi had wanted a 59-second first quarter and Taborn ran it in 59.1.

Beatty kept the lead for the next quarter, the lack of sharpening work did not show here, because he turned the half-mile in 1:39.6, only 1.5 seconds off Ig-

loi's schedule, and Beatty does not have the same innate sense of pace that Taborn has. Going into the third quarter of the mile, Jim Grelle, who had upset Dyrol Burleson in a mile race in Portland, Ore. the week before this meet, took the lead. ("You knew we were shooting for a record when I took the lead then," Grelle said later, grinning. "I don't jump into a lead at the half.")

Grelle led the field around two laps, with Beatty hanging close to his heels, the rest of the field dropping far back. As they went into the eighth lap (11 laps to a mile on this track), he fled past Grelle in a few strides, then began to pull away rapidly. Los Angeles fans are informed track spectators, and at this meet, as at most meets in this area, the public address announcer was a track expert who called lap times during the race. As Beatty moved out, the full house began a steady, mounting roar that grew and grew as it became clearly apparent that Beatty's sprint would continue to the tape. When Beatty finished the race almost everyone in the arena knew that he had broken four minutes. When they heard his time, they howled.

"This is not best," Igloi said that night at the Hungarian restaurant. "This I think is near best for indoor mile at this time in training schedule. Could be much better if he ran indoors in June, when he is at peak."

"What will he run outdoors in June?" someone asked.

"Between 3:51 and 3:53," Igloi said. "World record. First quarter, 56 or 57. The half mile, 1:54, 1:55. The three-quarter, 2:54. Then the last quarter mile 58, 59 second. World record."

Beatty leaned across his wife to shake hands with Igloi. It was a rather formal handshake. "That's the first time he ever shook my hand after a race," Jim said, "I've waited a long time for this."

"I don't shake hand for win," Igloi said. "I tell him only for world record."

If Mihaly Igloi's book is as accurate as June as it was in February, Beatty should get another handshake then, unless Peter Snell has run the 3:48 mile his coach thinks he can. Beatty may get a handshake anyway. This is one good little man who may be capable of beating a good big man. **END**

STARRY-EYED BEATTY blows a kiss to the cheering Los Angeles crowd after his record run.







IN A UNIQUE RACE, TWO WINNERS

The world's best drivers—from stock-car to Grand Prix men—met in Daytona for the first time, and Dan Gurney and Stirling Moss won

by KENNETH RUDEEN

America's Dan Gurney got the 1962 international road-racing season off to a rousing start last Sunday at Daytona Beach when he outshone the most remarkable galaxy of driving stars ever assembled for a single race. The race was the brand-new Daytona Continental, and entered in it were the top drivers from the world's four major racing divisions (see box, page 59), all together on the same track for the first time.

Here were the most eminent Grand Prix and sports-racing men: the world champion driver, America's Phil Hill; Britain's redoubtable Stirling Moss; Mexico's baby-faced Ricardo Rodriguez; the handsome Gurney himself. Here, too, were the Sports Car Club of America's road-racing heroes, Walt Hansgen, Jim Hall, Roger Penske, Peter Ryan, George Constantine, to name but a few. And here were tough and tenacious American track racers: Rodger Ward and A. J. Foyt, both Indianapolis "500" winners; and stock car aces Fireball Glenn Roberts, Joe Weatherly and Marvin Panch.

The race was the first in the world counting toward a brand-new set of world championships. There are now three world titles available to manufacturers of Grand Touring cars. These supplant the one world championship accorded in the past to the builder of the pre-eminent all-out sports racing car. Thus Daytona kicked off a "GT" world series which will move next to Sebring, Fla., in March and on to the rest of the world's great sports car courses—among them Le Mans in France and the Nürburgring ring in Germany.

There were 27 Gran Turismo machines and 23 sports

RACE WINNER, California's Dan Gurney, driving a Lotus sports car, held on against Phil Hill's determined challenge, finished first.

racing cars in the Continental (the latter eligible for a chunk of the \$21,800 Daytona purse but not, of course, for GT title points)—Ferraris, Maseratis and Alfa Romeos from Italy; Porsches from Germany; Lotuses, Coopers and Jaguars from Britain; Corvettes, Chaparrals and the Pontiac Tempest from the U.S.—50 lovely, fierce and ear-splitting machines.

If the driving field for Daytona's three-hour race was a surprising marriage of disparate road-and-track racing types, so was the course itself an extraordinary amalgam of blazing-fast track and twisty road. Conceived as an arena for stock cars, it consists primarily of a 2½-mile speed track, shaped like a flattened triangle, and a tortuous stretch of road in the spacious infield, so that one complete lap adds up to 3.81 miles.

The circuit was peculiar but, as Bill France, president of the Speedway, and the 14,000 spectators thankfully observed, one can see all the racers all the time. Under a clear, blue, windy sabbath sky, the race began with a Le Mans start, that crazy, mixed-up but enthralling way of getting a field rolling which has the drivers sprinting to their angle-parked cars, starting them and then lurching into motion in a big and bottling traffic jam.

Pennsylvania's Roger Penske, the fastest sales engineer Alcoa ever had, led at first with a tiny red Cooper Monaco, but he was bracketed and overtaken on the Speedway's east turn by the Ferraris of Phil Hill and Ricardo Rodriguez. Hill, displaying all his old finesse after his long layoff of five months, drove a 2.4-liter rear-engined car of a type that had set records at Sebring and Le Mans. Also passing Penske and snarling up on Hill and Rodriguez came the squat Lotus 19 of Mr. Gurney, who had demonstrated a major road-racing talent in 1961 by tying for third place with Stirling Moss in the Grand Prix world championship series won by Hill. Like Hill's, Gurney's car was a smallish rear-engined one but with Coventry Climax 2½-liter power.

These were the cars—all foreign-built, though two were American-driven—that held attention in the early stages. But then an all-American interloper asserted himself. He was slim, oil-rich Jan Hall of Texas. His big, home-bred Chaparral (powered by a 5.2-liter Corvette engine) closed into fourth place and held there. Behind, far out-paced but running no less an exciting race of their own, came the GT cars, new bearers of championship points, led by Stirling Moss.

Brilliant as ever, Moss kept his elegant white-striped gray Ferrari GT coupe, a rather special beast with a lightweight aluminum body and a three-liter V-12 engine equipped with six carburetors, up among the front-runners all afternoon.

Ferraris scrapped with Corvettes, Tempests and British

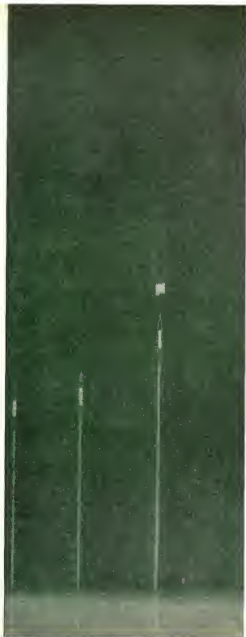
continued on page 39

POINT WINNER, England's Stirling Moss, driving a Gran Turismo Ferrari Berlinetta, edged famed stock-car man Fireball Roberts.



HIGH- SPEED JAI ALAI

Cortez is supposed to have found the Aztecs playing jai alai, but its origins are as mysterious as those of the Basques, who play it best. In the U.S. it is seen only in Florida, where these photographs were taken. Basically handball, it is played on three-sided courts (called frontons) about 175 feet long, 50 feet wide and 40 feet high. The front wall is 12-inch-thick granite (concrete would chip under the pounding). The goat-skin-covered hard rubber ball is driven up to 150 miles per hour by players using a cesta, a shallow scoop made of woven straw with wooden rib sections of chestnut.





BACKFLIP catch and return of ball (below)
calls for extraordinary speed and agility. Two
schools in Spain supply most of the Florida
players, 90% of whom are of Basque descent.





SMASH from midcourt is common, but player may elect to make the spectacular rebote shot, in which the ball is taken off the back wall and returned to the front in one continuous swoop.



GAPING spectator behind protective screen (right) has good reason to be astonished, though waiting players (left) are blasé about the game's furious pace. This big Miami fronton will handle some \$12 million in bets this winter—which explains why the promoters could afford to spend \$200,000 just to build the court.



TRIUMPH OF THE SQUARE KNOT

The Boy Scouts are a perennial target for sophisticated humor but they do hike and camp and climb mountains and develop men

by **ARNOLD BENSON**

Most former scouts have heard, with varying degrees of resentment, the anecdote about the three young boy scouts who inadvertently run into their scoutmaster one afternoon. He asks if they've done their Good Turn for the day.

"Yes," says the trustworthy, loyal, helpful spokesman for the trio. "We helped an old lady across the street."

"It took all three of you to do that?"

"Yep," says the spokesman. "She didn't want to go."

Most former scouts, remembering,



know that they were realistic, even at their most earnest, about Trustworthy, Loyal, Helpful, Friendly, Courteous, Kind, Obedient, Cheerful, Thrifty, Brave, Clean and Reverent. The key words to the scout oath were, and are, "On my honor I will do my best to . . ." and even at 13 you can say, Well, what the hell, I tried. Among former scouts, too, are those with vivid recollections of clandestine cigarettes shared, or of poker games played surreptitiously in the more aloof tents at a jamboree.

Despite insidious stories like the one about the little-old-lady, and the expressed disdain of evil, whisky-drinking middle-aged men practically everywhere, the Boy Scouts of America is an organization that has reached the respected age of 52 and has, undeniably, grown out of its knee pants. Last week, as they do every year, over 5 million members observed Boy Scout Week. During Their Week, in New York, by tradition, it always snows (it did). During the week, also by tradition, New York scouts camped on Mayor Wagner's lawn at Gracie Mansion for a day and a night. The more cynical among the city's newspapermen kept dropping by during the night, hoping for the sight of the scouts folding their tents and silently stealing away, to the warm comfort of home and hearth. The newspapermen were disappointed, although few if any of them made bed checks after 4 a.m., when the bars close. What these newspapermen don't know is that about 1,400 scouts from the metropolitan area are camping out somewhere, snow or no snow, every weekend all winter long.

Square as the tenets of scouting may seem to the sophisticate, there is no record of their ever having done any serious damage, mentally, morally or physically. There are men of distinction and attainment who have stated, even to people outside scouting, that the doctrine of trying to keep "physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight" actually does some good. One of them is President Kennedy, who was for two years a member of a boy scout troop in Bronxville, New York—a troop known in this writer's youth to be composed of a group of well-nourished, spirited delinquents who were more moneyed than mannered.

Sharing the belief that the Boy Scouts

exert a grown-up influence in this country today are Vice-President Lyndon Johnson and the 10 members of the President's cabinet, all former scouts or scouters (the scout term for adult scout leaders). Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Abraham Ribicoff at the last national Council Meeting of the Boy Scouts of America suggested that the scouts, as an organization, get behind the President's fitness program.

Since then, with characteristic directness, national scout headquarters has prepared a practical, comprehensive booklet on physical well-being, called *Fit for Tomorrow*. The booklet is on the verge of going out to 132,626 scout units throughout the country to guide them in launching their own awesome energetic campaigns for sound minds in sound bodies. The general feeling is that a good deal of the scouts' fitness campaign will rub off on gym teachers, parents, relatives, friends and just about everybody except bartenders, who don't want to be physically fit anyway.

Origin of the species

Although scouting is a distinctly civilian operation, its origins were in the military, in the person of a British army officer named Robert Baden-Powell. In Africa shortly before the outbreak of the Boer War, Baden-Powell wrote a treatise called *Aids to Scouting*, partly out of pique at the British brass who were sending soldiers to fight in the remote jungle areas of Africa, India and Burma who were totally untrained for that kind of action. Most of them couldn't tell north from south, couldn't follow trails and didn't know even the rudiments of the art of jungle survival. Baden-Powell, a former army expert in reconnaissance scouting, knew north from south, east from west and a great deal more. He had been a nature and outdoors enthusiast from early boyhood.

Aids to Scouting sold 50,000 copies in England in the first month after its publication. The woods-wise little book was bought and read, not only by the men it had been written to help, but by teachers and youth leaders, and especially by boys.

The years immediately after the turn of the century were years of speedup, a suspected softening of moral character and a good deal of forehead slapping and what-will-happen-to-our-youth laments. Baden-Powell is what happened to our youth.

There were other youth groups at the

time, of course, in America as well as in England. Over here there was the YMCA, Ernest Thompson Seton's Woodcraft Indians and Dan Beard's Sons of Daniel Boone, and in England there was the Boys' Brigade. Sir William Smith, founder of the Boys' Brigade, suggested to Baden-Powell that he rewrite his military scouting treatise into a handbook on scouting for boys. Baden-Powell formed the first experimental boy scout troop in England in 1907, and the first part of *Scouting for Boys* was published a year later.

Baden-Powell was the originator of the Good Turn, and of the Be Prepared motto, too. In a letter to his publisher about his personal philosophy, Baden-Powell quoted a Latin proverb: *Si vis pacem, para bellum* (If you wish for peace, prepare for war).

How the scout movement came to cross the Atlantic is a murky story, involving a Chicago publisher named William D. Boyce, who was lost in a London fog, then guided to his destination by a boy who informed Boyce that he was a scout and could not accept the proffered shilling tip.

Boyce was not only impressed by the act, but curious. He looked up Robert Baden-Powell and talked to him in his office, and came back to America with the scout idea firmly entrenched in his mind. The complications involved in getting the movement under way in the United States were considerable, but Seton, Beard and others joined the movement, and on February 8, 1910 the Boy Scouts of America was incorporated in the District of Columbia.

Ten years later, in 1920, membership in the Boy Scouts was close to 480,000. In 1930 it was 850,000, in 1940, 1,450,000 and in 1950, 2,800,000. Today the membership stands at 5,210,294 cub scouts, boy scouts, explorers and adult leaders—and membership to date has totaled more than 30 million.

During that span of years, a staggering number of boy-hours has been devoted to public service, some major, some trifling, some almost heroic, some almost ludicrous: reforestation, pest control, flood service, cleanup campaigns, sanitary surveys, fire prevention, clothing and food collection, poster distribution, safety demonstrations and a thousand other good efforts.

In Grand Rapids, Michigan in 1917, local scouts killed 3,840 flies in an Anti-Tuberculosis Society "Swat the Fly" campaign. There was no count of posi-

continued

bles and probabilities, but the official scout claim is that the whole effort took place during a season when flies were scarce or the tally would have been much higher. Send us more flies.

During World War I scouts also located black walnut trees—20,758,660 board feet of them, or 5,200 carloads—for gun stocks. It's quite likely that some of that scout-sound walnut went into the breakfast your Aunt Matilda has standing in the living room right now. Scouts also collected more than a hundred carloads of fruit pits for gas masks. Fruit pits? Fruit pits.

Baden-Powell and other early leaders of scouting appear to have been men of remarkable foresight, since most people only recently have come to recognize that growing up is not a completely enjoyable process, even under the best circumstances. Scouting gave some form to the formative years—square in shape, maybe, but form all the same. It let a boy follow his natural gang inclinations, but his "gang" was his patrol—beaver, fox, lynx, whatever. Six to eight boys made up the ideal patrol, and four patrols the ideal troop, advised and loosely controlled by one adult scoutmaster.

In addition to giving a boy something to do and somewhere to go, scouting took some of the uglier manifestations of competition out of his endeavors. He was in competition, in a sense, only with himself: to meet the requirements and attain the rank of tenderfoot, then second class, first class, star, life and eagle scout. His enjoyment grew out of mastering new skills, in being with others with the same preoccupations and in getting outdoors.

Down explosion

Not just incidentally, scouting frequently gave the city boy his first look at something besides pavement and the corner candy store. There is one story about a brand-new 11-year-old tenderfoot, on his first camping trip, who woke everybody in the tent to tell them that an atom bomb had just been exploded on the other side of the hill. One of the older scouts looked out. "That's a sunrise," he told the boy.

The skills and abilities a boy must master, the tasks he must perform to gain the ascending ranks in the Boy Scouts are clearly defined but increasingly difficult and complicated as the boy rises. To become a tenderfoot a boy,

among other things, must memorize the Scout Oath and Law, know something about his flag and country, know how to reach a policeman or a doctor in an emergency, know the harm that can be done to trees by the careless use of a knife or ax, explain about being careful with fire, and be able to tie a shelf bend, two half-hitches and a clove hitch. To reach the highest objective of eagle scout, the hitches are much more complex. A boy must have come up through all the lower ranks and have achieved a total of 21 merit badges.

Merit badges are grouped into 15 general categories, among them animal husbandry, building, arts, communication, personal development and transportation. Included in transportation, for example, are merit badges for automobiling, aviation, railroading and seamanship. The aviation merit badge has nine requirements. The first eight requirements must be complied with in full. The ninth is broken into nine projects, with the scout taking his choice of any two. From the supplemental handbook *Boy Scout Requirements*, a fragment.

3. (a) With a model plane, point out the forces which act on an airplane in flight. (b) Build a model airfoil wing section and demonstrate with it the principle of lift; or build demonstration airfoils which compare the drag effects of streamlined and non-streamlined surfaces.

9. (i) Find out what lifework opportunities there are for a young man in the field of aviation. Look into the necessary qualifications and working conditions of one job in which you are especially interested, and into the possibilities it offers for reaching your goal in life.

Each local scout council has merit badge counselors to advise the scouts. For the aviation merit badge, he's likely to be a pilot or ex-pilot. For the plumbing merit badge, a plumber or ex-plumber. For the journalism merit badge, an editor of the local paper.

In the early days of scouting in this country, heroism received much emphasis, much attention and much publicity. Scouts, with their special skills, do perform many courageous and valuable services in individual emergencies year after year, but the emphasis is off Eagle Tom snatching Tillie from the trolley tracks. Awards are made for alert thinking and decisive action in extreme emergencies—the sound mind in the sound body.

If it did nothing else, scouting would

serve as a sort of safety valve for the explosive energies of scout-age boys (8, 9, 10 for cubs, 11, 12, 13 for full-fledged boy scouts and 14 and up for explorers). A lot of that youthful energy was on display recently at New York's mammoth Coliseum, where the Greater New York councils staged their biennial exposition. When the scouts do things big, they do things big. More than 25,000 scouts from 1,000 cub packs, troops and explorer units lent a hand with the exhibits and demonstrations. An estimated quarter million visitors of all faiths, unprepared, threw themselves at the mercy of the Coliseum's hungriest lions. They had only themselves to blame. Overall theme of the exposition was—of course—"Be Prepared—America!"

Four floors

The four subthemes, one to a floor, consisted of Youth and the American Way, Youth and Outdoor Living, Youth and Fitness and Youth and World Leadership.

On the first floor were a large replica of Mount Rushmore, displaying on its face the carved aims "Initiative . . . Achievement . . . Character," and color portraits of President Kennedy and his Cabinet. Everything appeared distinctly larger, since the first-floor displays were manned, or boyed, mostly by cub scouts, who were distinctly small. The displays ran the gamut of pack interest and activities, among them coppercraft, feltcraft, peanutcraft, clean clay, wood burning, seed painting and spaghetti-craft. The second floor (Youth and Outdoor Living) starred a display of satellites, and saluted the five of the seven American astronauts who were once scouts. At another part of the floor, attracting a great deal of visitor attention, an artificial cliff towered upwards past the mezzanine, equipped realistically but almost invisibly with small cleats for toeholds. It was scaled repeatedly, with the aid of ropes, by explorer specialists in mountain climbing.

On the more familiar phases of scout activities countless crowded displays were staffed with beaverish young exhibitors and demonstrators in the interests of, among many others, gravel mosaics, woodsmanship, pancake baking, tin can craft, edible wild plants, the romance of rope, crullers in color, cooking patifiro, history of communications, donut making and survival. Some of the displays were enormously elaborate, some simple. Some were done with a

Continued on page 60



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ANYONE CAN HIT A LONG BALL

by **MICKEY WRIGHT**
U.S. Women's Open Champion
with **GWILYM BROWN**



For the weekend golfer a good driving round will be a good scoring round, since a long, straight tee shot usually will bring the green within reach and create a good chance for a par or even a birdie. Most golfers, however, have never really tried to learn how to hit for distance. Women in particular think that they do not have the necessary size or strength. Not true, says U.S. Open Champion Mickey Wright, who has become the longest hitter in the history of women's golf by incorporating into her swing seven distance-building elements. She guarantees that anyone of normal size and coordination, whether man or woman, can learn to drive a golf ball consistently 200 yards or more. On the following pages Miss Wright teaches the seven vital elements in seven simple steps. Once studied and mastered, they will make it easy for anyone to achieve the distance off the tee that is so essential for winning golf today.

STEP 1: The grip



When her left hand hangs loose at her side before gripping the club (left), Mickey Wright's thumb is turned slightly to her right. This is its strongest position and it remains there when she grips the club, thus contributing to distance and accuracy.

Drawings by Frank Mullen



There are two important points to keep in mind about the grip. First, it should be natural. By this I mean the position of your left hand on the club should be more or less the same as its position when your left arm is hanging loosely at your side. This is absolutely the strongest position it can be in, but I learned this the hard way. In 1960 in order to develop a soft, controlled fade I weakened my left-hand grip by moving my thumb over onto the top of the shaft. After a few months I began to feel a strong and persistent pain in my shoulder, which left only after Earl Stewart, the Dallas pro, persuaded me to return to my natural grip. "You are probably forcing too hard to get the club face back on line," he pointed out.

Just as important as the position of the left hand is the placement of the right index finger. This finger should be around the shaft slightly apart from the middle finger (see above), just as it would be if you were set to squeeze the trigger of a rifle. This position is especially important for women. It helps tremendously in keeping the club face square at the start of the backswing and it supplies a much stronger hold on the club at the top of the backswing than a grip that doesn't emphasize this trigger-finger action of the right index finger. **Suggested practice routine:** Practice for a minute or so daily just putting your hands on the club in the correct manner. Check the trigger finger closely. Then keep rechecking against the drawings (left and above) until the grip becomes automatic. Recheck again frequently.

STEP 2: The stance

The right foot is the key to a strong stance. It is both a buttress around which you will build a great deal of your swing and a starting block from which you can accelerate into the shot quickly and smoothly. The rest of the stance is pretty routine, but I'll go over it briefly. Play the ball opposite the instep of your left foot with your weight distributed over the rear portion of both feet, from the balls of the feet back through the heels. No weight should be on the toes. At address your arms should be firm but not rigid, neither pressed in against the body nor reaching out for the ball. You will lose a great deal of distance if you have to reach. The sole of your driver should be flat on the ground. When it is, you know you are handling the club the way it was designed to be used.

To produce extra distance you must learn to use the right foot efficiently. The weight planted on the right foot should be carried entirely along the instep. The right knee should be braced inward so that you can feel tension all up and down the inside of the calf and thigh, as if you were holding a volleyball against your left leg with the right knee. Bracing your right foot and leg in this manner will keep the leg from buckling during the backswing and thus prevent a left-to-right sway. It will also furnish a powerful jumping-off place from which to start the downswing. To reproduce exactly what I want in this respect I often hit practice shots with a golf ball tucked under the outside spikes of my right shoe (see drawing). The immediate increase in distance using this gimmick is astonishing.

Suggested practice routine: Spend at least 15 minutes each week hitting shots with a golf ball placed under the outer edge of your right shoe. This will also help improve footwork.



Ball (arrow) placed under the shoe just inside the outer row of spikes will force weight to fall correctly on right instep.



At address (right), Milt Wright's arms are held firm but not rigid, with most of her weight carried on rear portion of the feet.

The right knee is braced toward left so that muscular tension (shaded area) is felt on instep of right foot and inside both legs.



continued

STEP 3: The wide-arc swing

A swing with a wide arc will give you more opportunity to build up clubhead speed without hurrying the swing. To achieve this wide arc it is vital to start the backswing correctly. I start mine by taking the clubhead straight back from the ball and low along the ground for a distance of about a foot, at which time the turn of the body will naturally bring the club to the inside of the line. This low, straight takeaway sets the mood for the entire swing. To get this takeaway firmly implanted in your mind during practice, place a tee in the ground 12 inches behind the ball. A correct backswing will knock down the tee.

The rest of the wide-arc swing should follow almost as a matter of course. You should not consciously cock your wrists at any time. In fact, you should not be thinking about your hands or arms during the entire backswing. I keep the inside of my left elbow facing straight up as the club starts back. This helps to keep the club face on line as long as possible and it helps keep the right elbow in front of the right hip. Once the right elbow starts getting outside or behind the right hip it means that you are swinging the club back with your arms alone—and too fast—rather than allowing the weight to shift and the hips, shoulders and arms to turn in unison. At the top of the swing you should have rotated your hips about 45° from their position at address, your shoulders about 90°. The turning of the hips and the shoulders, combined with the clubhead's own momentum, automatically send the clubhead to the top of the swing. This natural, one-piece motion will guarantee a wide-arc swing and will promote a smooth, gradually accelerating backswing and downswing, an essential item when you want distance.

Suggested practice routine: Twice a week take 10 swings with a tee placed in the ground. Then hit at least 10 drives while thinking of nothing but the low, straight takeaway.

A wooden tee (arrow), placed in ground 12 inches behind the ball, will be knocked over by a correct takeaway, which will set up the entire one-piece wide-arc swing.

*continued*



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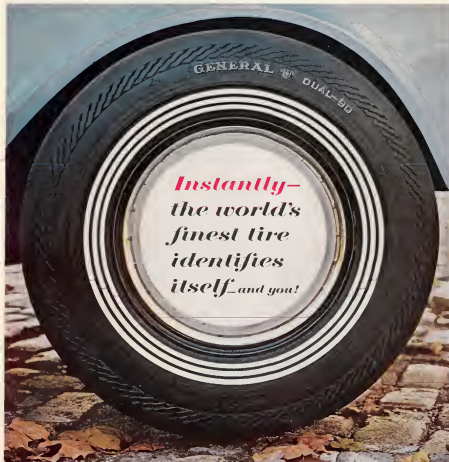
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LONG BALL *continued*



At top of backswing, Miss Wright's right elbow resists impulse to fly out (dotted line), points straight toward ground, fleshy edge of the right hand points up.

STEP 4: The right elbow at the top

Bringing your right elbow into the correct position at the peak of the backswing may be the most valuable step to master. When you learn it you will be taking a giant step toward being able to swing the club as hard as possible without destroying the groove or the rhythm of your swing. At the top of the swing the right elbow should point directly toward the ground and the right hand should be directly under the shaft of the club, its edge pointing up. One way to help remember this position is to swing the club to the top and then, making sure your left arm is straight, attempt to press your two forearms together. The right elbow position is crucial for two reasons: 1) anticipating getting the right elbow into this posture will make it much easier to produce a one-piece backswing; 2) on the downswing you will find it easier to bring your right elbow down in front of your right hip, a point I'll discuss in Step 5.

While getting your right elbow into the correct position at the top should be an easy enough move to visualize, it may prove quite difficult to perfect. It is hard to resist letting the elbow fly out. But with practice this step should start to become natural within a few weeks.

Suggested practice routine: Take six swings in front of a mirror three times a day, getting your right elbow into the correct position and keeping your left-hand grip firm. This will also strengthen the key muscles.

continued

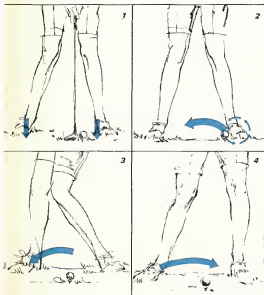
STEP 5: The right elbow on the downswing

If your right elbow is in the correct position at the top of the swing (Step 4), the proper downswing will follow automatically as soon as you shift your weight off the right foot and onto the left (see Step 6). Most women uncock the hands too soon because they are not strong enough to delay this. But with the right elbow pointing straight down it is almost impossible to make this error. When you have started your downswing correctly, the right elbow should work down in front of the right hip. This is crucial. The move will properly delay the uncocking of the hands and bring the club down on the desirable inside arc and the clubhead into the ball from straight behind. You will be able to swing hard without a resulting loss of club control. Once the elbow gets behind the hip on the downswing, the result is often a slice and a disheartening loss of distance.

Suggested practice routine: For a minute or so each day, starting from the correct position at top of the swing, stand in front of a mirror and practice 1) bringing the right elbow down in front of the hip properly and 2) keeping the hands fully cocked as long as possible.



Miss Wright's elbow (circle) comes down in front of the hip, correctly delays uncocking of hands, keeps club on inside arc



STEP 6: Footwork

Where distance is concerned, the force exerted by the right foot is critical. The weight planted on the right foot should be carried along the instep (1). As you sweep the club back you should gradually and consciously push your weight off the left foot and onto the instep of the right (2). The right foot and leg, in fact, should act like a buttress, resisting the pressure of the backswing, and the right leg should maintain pretty much the same position that it held at address. Also keep this in mind about the left foot: as the weight is transferred to the right foot, the left should roll over sideways, onto the instep. If the left heel is lifted too high, or even if it remains planted on the ground, too much weight will tend to remain on the left foot. At the top of the backswing (3), most of your weight should be felt along the right instep and along the inside of the right calf and thigh.

You start the downswing by pushing your weight off the right foot and onto the left (4). The hips will turn almost simultaneously, but there should be no violent pivoting action. Initiating the downswing by turning the hips—the popular method—too often leaves the right elbow behind the hip. This throws the clubhead into an outside-in arc and is likely to produce a slice.

Suggested practice routine: Spend five minutes a day swinging your driver back and forth, concentrating on footwork. Hit at least 15 shots with your driver each time you practice, concentrating entirely on this weight shift.

STEP 7: The head behind the ball at impact

It is not exactly revolutionary to state that you should keep your head behind the ball throughout the swing and at impact. But it is still an important point to stress, because failure to do so will drain off all the power, rhythm and momentum built up by the first six steps. You must feel from the very start of the downswing that your head is remaining behind the ball, that you are looking at the back of the ball when it is hit. Thus, though your weight will be moving over to the left side, your right shoulder will be under your left shoulder and in perfect position to keep the explosive hitting force you have produced behind the ball where it belongs. If your head has slid to the left of the ball before or at impact, this means that your shoulders have also moved to the left. The movement can produce only two results, both bad. First of all, your hands also will have moved ahead of the ball. The clubhead, accordingly, will not have reached its maximum speed at impact. What little power remains will be applied downward instead of through and toward the target. Second, hitting at the ball from in front of it, instead of from behind it, will open the face of the club at impact, with the obvious result that the shot will be pushed to the right or, worse, will result in a slice.

Suggested practice routine: Spend 10 minutes of every practice session drilling on keeping your head steady. Ask an observer to tell you each time whether you have succeeded.

SUMMARY

In explaining how it is possible to increase dramatically the distance of your drives, I have made no attempt to describe all the basic fundamentals of the golf swing. I have sought only to isolate and clarify the areas in the swing from which distance hitting springs. There are other factors that will help, too. Ball games—tennis, paddle tennis, ping-pong, etc.—are good for your timing, because they accustom you to the act of striking a ball. Pitching or clipping a golf ball around the backyard also helps in this respect. So will exercises with hand grippers and dumbbells. With them you can increase your hand and arm strength. A woman, fortunately, can do a good many strength exercises before they begin to have any effect on the shape of her arm muscles. If you are a weekend golfer, by merely handling, swinging and feeling the weight of a club every day you will help your game. If you should go further and master even two or three of the seven steps I have described on the preceding pages, you are bound to improve. When you have incorporated all seven into your swing, the result in longer drives and lower scores is likely to be astonishing. **END**



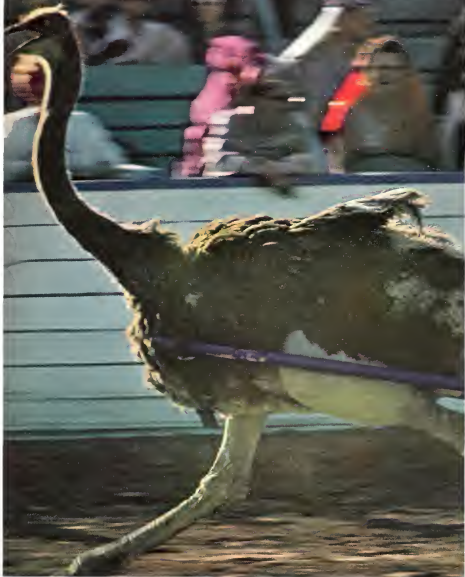
Miss Wright's follow-through indicates how force (arrows) is applied. Hips, legs shift to left, head, shoulders stay behind ball (cross). Hitting power goes through and toward target.

Pastel-painted stables are set among rows of palms in Indio, Calif., near Palm Springs, the unique setting for a leisurely 10-day horse show that opens the season this week. Daily ostrich races (turn the page) add comic flavor to the customary classes in

AN OASIS FULL OF HORSES

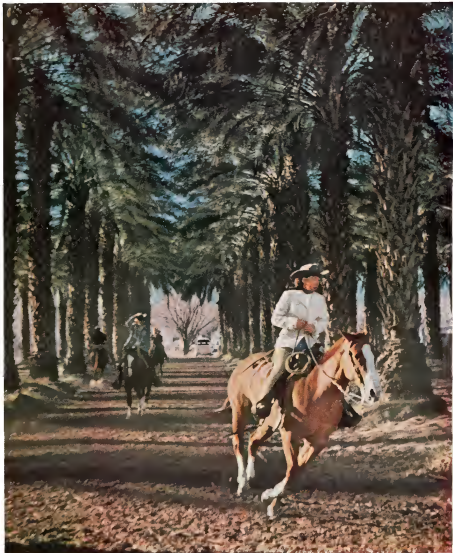


A racing ostrich sprints home.



The driver uses a broom to steer it around the ring





Loping through stripes of shade, riders prepare horses for a western class

They're off in the race to Kentucky

Under other palms a continent away at Hialeah, Thoroughbreds are aiming at the Derby

The three outstanding colts for the Kentucky Derby on May 5 have now entered their approach patterns for Churchill Downs. They met last week in the Bahamas Stakes at Hialeah, they meet next week in the Everglades, again in the March 3 Flamingo and then in the March 31 Florida Derby. Because of their unusual quality and the disparity in their running styles, the three colts—Ridan, Sir Gaylord and Crimson Satan—should provide the most exciting series of pre-Derby races in many years.

The contrast in styles is already very clear. Ridan runs too fast too soon. Crimson Satan runs too slow early on and not fast enough soon enough. Sir Gaylord has run just about perfectly so far. At least, that's the way it was in the Bahamas, when Sir Gaylord took over from Ridan in the stretch and beat him nearly two lengths in track record time for the seven furlongs. This was Ridan's first defeat in nine starts. Crimson Satan was third, another three lengths back, in the eight-horse field.

Of course, even a decisive victory at seven-eighths of a mile is inconclusive in the evaluation of distance form. Yet Sir Gaylord, tired as he was at the finish of the Bahamas, gave the impression that a longer route would not bother him in the least. "It's true that he was lagging in

down the stretch," said Casey Hayes, who trains Sir Gaylord for the wealthy Virginia sportsman, Christopher T. Cheney. "But who wouldn't while carrying 126 pounds and following Ridan's fast pace for three-quarters [1:09 2/5]? I wouldn't say we have the best horse yet, but on this one day he certainly was best."

If Sir Gaylord proves to be the best at Churchill Downs, it will hardly come as a surprise either to Owner Cheney or to Trainer Hayes. A homebred son of the good stallion Turn-to, Sir Gaylord was raised at The Meadow, the Doswell, Va. farm from which Cheney sent out Hill Prince and First Landing in recent years. Last year he won four consecutive stakes before going into a mild slump and finishing third in his next four (two of which were won by George D. Widener's Jasper and one each by Cyane and Donut King). The trouble, according to Hayes, was a splint on his left foreleg, but now he's as sound as can be. Not a big, rugged colt like Ridan or Crimson Satan, Sir Gaylord stands a shade under 16 hands. He is extremely well-balanced and compact, is an easy horse to train and has developed no bad habits. His best habit, it seems, is doing exactly what his regular rider, Milo Valenzuela, wants him to do. "In the Bahamas," said Hayes, "I told Milo to bounce him out of there and try to stay out of trouble—and to be sure that Hartack didn't run away from him with Ridan at the start." That's the way Milo and Sir Gaylord did it.

Jolley changes his mind

Following Ridan's defeat, the father-son trainer team of Moody and LeRoy Jolley at first offered no excuse other than to say that he finally had run into a better horse—on this particular day. This didn't sound like Moody Jolley speaking, and after a night to think it over, sure enough, the real Moody emerged. "Yes, I guess we had at least one excuse and maybe a couple," said the senior Jolley. "In the first place, we didn't want to run from No. 1 post. The going, especially breaking from the seven-eighths chute, is heavier than the rest of the track. Then, too, we had decided in the Bahamas to try and rate Ridan instead of letting him go hell-for-leather to the lead. But, you know, just as soon as we gave him his riding orders we knew perfectly well that Hartack had no intention of following them."

As many owners and trainers who have engaged Bill Hartack discover for themselves, Hartack often rides to his own, and nobody else's, commands. "He got right into Ridan at the gate," complained Moody, "and, brother, once this colt starts to go, you got no chance to slow him down. If he's going to be rated, it has to be at the start. Otherwise you got no chance. Afterwards, did he give me any explanation for what had happened? No, sir. He popped off Ridan, looked at us and said simply, 'He got tired.'"

Other observers, mostly those who maintain that Ridan is nothing more than a sprinter and not a very long sprinter at that, point out that the Jolley colt actually did exactly what they expected of him. He ran as fast a six furlongs as he could and then gave up when looked in the eye by a colt with class. Final judgment, of course, is not in on Ridan yet. The Jolleys are sure Ridan can be rated off the pace, and they are going to try it again in the Everglades.

The Crimson Satan people, on the other hand, never have to fear that their horse will run away at the start. In fact, getting him to run at all until the last half mile is the problem. In the Bahamas he came out of the gate at a near walk. Furthermore, he was so sluggish getting under way that he crashed against the side of the gate, bruising Willie Shoemaker's foot and costing them at least three lengths. Against the speed horses present, and in a sprint race, you simply don't make up three lengths. Last year Crimson Satan became the only 2-year-old an history to run in five races at a mile and a sixteenth (the longest distance any 2-year-old in the U.S. is asked to travel) and win them all. He is a beautiful, big (16 hands, 2 inches) chestnut who has filled out to 1,200 pounds since his Pimlico Futurity victory last fall. But he not only is a notoriously bad gate horse, he is also an unwilling worker in the morning. What he does best, however, might be most important: he runs fastest at the finish. He is at his best at distances over a mile and certainly must be considered at a disadvantage sprinting against the likes of Ridan. As Owner Bill Salmen put it before the Bahamas, "Today we're playing their game; soon we'll be playing ours." Soon means the Everglades at a mile and an eighth on February 21. It should be a corker. **END**

The old master has a new kind of winner

Kentucky's famous curmudgeon, Adolph Rupp, is all smiles (on the inside) as he comes up with a team that surprises even him

For at least 487 years—or so it seems—canny, cantankerous and superb old Adolph Rupp has been coaching University of Kentucky basketball teams to conference titles and national championships. Rupp has become a Kentucky institution, winning has become a Kentucky tradition, and around the bluegrass and university town of Lexington there has developed a tendency to appreciate Adolph's teams without being so gauche as to get ecstatic about them.

Last week, however, Lexington was ecstatic. While 12,100 people sat, stood, strained and tiptoed for a look at the action, while the state's present governor roared and its ex-governor exhorted and while several hundred of Lexington's famed horses set cheered, the most amazing Kentucky basketball team Adolph Rupp has ever had dispatched Mississippi 83-60. "I can't explain it," said Adolph, a man not generally given to modest confessions of ignorance. "This team isn't worth a damn, but it just doesn't know it."

The victory brought the Wildcats' record to 17 and 1 and solidified their new ranking as one of the nation's best teams. It also made Rupp's 20th Southeastern Conference championship highly probable and set up the likelihood of an interesting Kentucky-Ohio State battle in the NCAA regionals at Iowa City next month. All this is being achieved with a team that has only one starter back from last year, that has no player who is 6 feet 6 or over, that is using a starting guard who scored 11 points all last season and a starting forward who didn't even get off the bench last year. "When you went to see our great championship teams," says a Lexington attorney, explaining the local furor, "you expected they were go-

ing to win. Every time you watch this one you think it is going to lose. That's why it is so exciting."

The day before the Mississippi game last week Adolph Rupp was sitting in his office deep in the caverns of Kentucky's huge Memorial Coliseum and musing about how this team fits in with others he has coached in 32 years there. He is 60 now, and eight years past the heart attack that, it was feared, had ended his career. He is sometimes crotchety and blustery, in the impulsive manner of a Casey Stengel or a Leo Durocher, but being 60 and the most famous man in his profession gives him the right to be crotchety, his friends point out. He was, of course, crotchety at 40, too. At his worst, with his round build and round face and wrinkled frown, he is as approachable as a walrus with ulcers. "How is Adolph today?" is a question to be timidly considered by Coliseum employees each morning.

Yet, on the other hand, he is just as often charming and folksy and has mellowed much in the past two years. His rages need no longer be measured in megatons. He got through the worst season of his career (19-9) last year in almost peaceful fashion. He is devoting much time and thought to his rural avocation, the raising of prize Herefords on his 1,083 acres of Kentucky farmland, and is striving for another kind of national champion. "I had a runner-up once," he says, "but I've never won the Hereford NCAA."

He enjoys fame as much as he enjoys winning, and nobody enjoys winning more. The walls of his office are covered with pictures: Adolph with Truman, Adolph with Barkley, Adolph with Hope, Adolph getting the Kentucky

Governor's Medallion for meritorious service from the state's former governor—and an avid candidate to be its next—Happy Chandler. Adolph and Chandler are such close friends that Rupp considered mixing basketball and politics by running for lieutenant governor on Chandler's ticket in 1955.

Chandler, meanwhile, is Adolph's lieutenant coach. He is in his first-row seat at every game, and his cheering is so loud and pointed that a referee once stopped a game, walked all the way around the press table, handed Happy his whistle and said something like, "Here, Governor, use it yourself awhile."

Coaches who perpetually stagger out of Lexington in defeat—Rupp has lost only 12 home games in 20 years—always recall the band's blaring swing version of *Dixie* and that second-loudest thing, Happy Chandler.

"You ask about this team," Rupp was saying last Friday morning, fresh from seeing some Hereford bulls off to a sale. "It's got more spirit than any squad I have ever had, and it's causing more fuss. We'll have a record attendance this year. People are frantic. I've never had anything like this happen to me in all my life, and that covers a good many years." It also covers four NCAA championships, including one in 1958, with another improbable team.

A good morning

Like all Rupp teams, this one relies on intense discipline and an offense of 10 set plays. These involve a series of passes culminating in a slashing cut to the basket that frequently ends with a lay-up. "Are you using the same plays now?" Rupp was asked. "Oh, no," he said as if he had abandoned his whole offense. "No. 9 has been redesigned."

Just then the phone rang. "I'll be damned," said Adolph to his caller. "Who bought him? Well, I'm tickled pink." He hung up happily. Farmer Rupp had sold a bull. The word went out around the Coliseum that this was a good morning.

At a practice that afternoon, conducted in monastic quiet and secrecy with green canvas curtains cutting off all entrances to the floor, Kentucky showed the three reasons why it is winning for Rupp. The first is Charles (Cotton) Nash, a native of New Jersey and present resident of Lake Charles, La. who is

likely the best sophomore in the land. Six feet 5, 220 pounds and a handsome blond with wavy hair, he plays center, guard or forward with equal ease. He is an adept outside shot and a magical ball handler, especially for his size. He averages 22 points a game as pivot man, and this is the position he plays least well. His sole flaw is an occasional impulse to try a too-fancy pass. The developer of 18 All-Americans, Rupp calls Nash "the best sophomore I ever had."

Then there is Larry (Chigger) Pursful, a 6-foot guard from Kentucky's Cumberland Mountain community of Four Mile. His home town got that name, they say, because it is four miles from a big town, Pineville (pop. 3,181). Rupp is very proud that 85% of his players have come from Kentucky, and many of those from such hamlets as Four Mile. He enjoys quoting the Bible: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

Pursful is a remarkable shot and may be more important to the Kentucky team than the better-known Nash. Sinking 53.8% of his attempts, most of them from more than 20 feet, he keeps defenses from collapsing around Nash. "He is not only the best shot I have ever had," says Rupp, "he is the best shot I have ever seen."

The third reason for success is the practice itself. It showed completely why Rupp's teams can play such beautifully disciplined basketball. His players warmed up for the first half hour, and the only sound in the gym was the bouncing of basketballs. No "student" speaks in Adolph's "classes." At exactly 3:15 by the arena clock the players broke into two equal groups and shot some more. The silence held. On the stroke of 3:45 Captain Pursful came up to Coach Rupp. "Let's go fundamentally," said Rupp. Pursful gave a signal. For 27 minutes Kentucky went through a dazzling series of plays and lay-up drills. The most complicated one involved six passes and a shot. Minutes would go by without a missed shot or dropped pass. "They don't make many errors," said Rupp. "When a boy does make a mistake he feels it is kind of a tragedy." It was difficult and it wasn't fun, but Kentucky's players went about it with oblique pride.

So it was essentially two good players, discipline and pride that the team took

into the game the next night against Mississippi.

Kentucky got the tip and with only 11 seconds gone Pursful hit a long jump from 25 feet. By the time Nash had gracefully arched in a jump shot and Pursful had broken through for a lay-up, Kentucky was five points ahead and not to be caught. Only Happy Chandler, sitting on the very edge of his chair shouting, "Watch 'em, watch 'em," was worried after that.

Wildcat Forward Carroll Burchett then contributed some fine hook shots, and twice toward the end of the half Nash threw perfect lead passes three-quarters the length of the court to set up fast-break baskets. When he wasn't doing that he was scooping in rebounds (a grand total of 22 rebounds matched his 22 points), dribbling the ball upcourt as a guard, and once he even passed

behind his back while running at top speed. The pass went out of bounds, and Rupp winced. Finally, playing true to form by looking just ragged enough to show they could be beaten and good enough to show the beating wasn't coming that night, Kentucky won.

Adolph was his folksy finest after the game. His Kansas twang rang as he said he'd "been through this 900 times but my stomach still feels like I've been eating lye all day." He said Nash had been "spectacular, sensational." He talked warmly with four blind girls who had come to the game and called his players over to have them give the girls autographs. Then he excused himself and said he had to leave.

Basketball is very big in Kentucky. Adolph Rupp, only a part-time curmudgeon now, was off to have dinner with the governor. **END**

A RELATIVELY HAPPY RUPP WATCHES HIS BOYS WIN THEIR 16TH STRAIGHT GAME



State takes Oklahoma down a few pegs

Amateur wrestling is a grunt-filled argument over whether to stay on the mat or keep jumping up

The goal in wrestling," announced Oklahoma's Coach Port Robertson firmly, "is to pin your man. It's not just to get a takedown [which consists of toppling a man to the mat from a standing position] and then let your man loose so you can try for another one. I really

don't see any purpose in buying wrestling mats if you're just going to stand on them."

Some 85 miles away, on the campus of rival Oklahoma State, Coach Myron Roderick was holding forth with equal firmness on his views of wrestling. "The

takedown is an art," he was saying, "and we are famous for our takedowns. One of the reasons they put in the new rule [a wrestler's first takedown is worth two points, all subsequent takedowns now one point] was to cut us down. It's like that fiber-glass pole the kid used to vault 16 feet. Nobody objected until he suddenly got so good with it."

Last week, before a crowd of 7,500, these two sharply divergent philosophies about college wrestling (*i.e.*, whether it's better to pile up points by repeatedly tossing your opponent down to the mat and then standing up again or to attempt to win the match by pinning him to the mat) were put to a grunting test in Stillwater when Oklahoma met Oklahoma State for the 63rd time. Both schools are among the nation's best in wrestling. By winning 22 out of 31 NCAA team championships and by suffering only 15 losses in 42 years of dual meet competition, State has established itself as the paramount champion, but 10 of its 15 losses were at the hands of its archrival, the University of Oklahoma, itself a five-time NCAA winner. Each team, therefore, has reason to believe its philosophy is the correct one. "I'll have to admit," said Oklahoma's Robertson of his opponents, "that over the years, though they haven't gone for the pin as we have, they have scored a lot more falls."

Robertson's team went to the mat last week already the loser in a previous dual meet against State. "But," said State's Roderick, "this time we're weaker and they're stronger. Phil Kinyon, our 157-pound national champ, is out with a bad knee, and Mark McCracken, our 115-pounder, has the flu." The State coach nearly had another catastrophe on his hands three days before the match when his 130-pound sophomore, Wayne Simmons, turned up looking weak and dispirited. "But," said the coach, "I found out he'd been trying to lose weight by sticking to a liquid diet," and the crisis was solved with a steak dinner.

In the end, the meet was won by State's biggest and smallest wrestlers: Jyo (Little Joe from Tokyo) Umezawa, a 115-pound, 5-foot-2-inch ukulele player from Japan, and 6-foot-3-inch Joseph (Big Joe from Chicago) James, a premed student and the first Negro ever to wrestle for Oklahoma State. Between the Joes and their teammates, Oklahoma State had little trouble beating its old rival 24-11, proving (perhaps) that taking down and jumping up is the best way to wrestle.

END

STATE'S LITTLE JOE, BIG JOE AND COACH MYRON RODERICK FACE OKLAHOMA





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TWO IN A RACE

continued from page 21

Jaguar XKEs for title points in the big-engine category (above two liters) of the new GT championships. Porsches were in combat with Lotus Elites and Alfa Romeos in the middling division. If Daytona people were largely in doubt about the GT duels during the race—except in the case of Moss's flying Ferrari, clearly ahead for the big-engine prize—they were given clear proof that the American crack racing men were doing splendidly in this alien affair. Fireball Roberts in a GT Ferrari, Joe Weatherly from Virginia in a hybrid British-American Lister-Corvette, Rodger Ward in a Tempest—all were shifting gears and braking for corners like old road-racing pros before the day was out. This was no easy transition ("All a track driver does," said Ward, "is hang onto the wheel, get his foot onto the accelerator and steer.")

But mostly the spectators had eyes for Gurney, Hill and Co. out there in the lead. On the 19th lap Gurney slipped ahead of Hill, who proceeded to haunt him until both made refueling stops

halfway through the three hours. Then what had been a pulse-stirring duel abruptly became a runaway for Gurney. Rodriguez, having turned his Ferrari over to Peter Ryan, jumped into Hill's car as relief driver, but transmission trouble kept him from ever catching up.

With a lead of more than a lap over the Hill-Rodriguez car and but few moments to go before the three hours were up, Gurney had trouble himself. Raging high on the east bank, he heard (as he described it later) "a frightening brup-brup-brup." Suspecting a major engine breakdown, he glided the short distance remaining toward the finishline. Agonizing seconds passed as he waited for the checkered flag to fall. When it did, he coaxed his sick Lotus across the line by using his starter button. He won at an average speed of 104.101 mph.

Third behind Hill-Rodriguez came Hill's hustling Chaparral; then Moss, the day's GT champ. In the smaller GT division contested at Daytona, the winner was Florida's Charles Kolb in an Alfa Romeo. And who was second to Moss in the larger Ferrari GT races? None other than Daytona's own stock car leadfoot, Fireball Roberts.

THE NEW LINEUP IN AUTO RACING

Last Sunday's race at Daytona, which for the first time saw cars and drivers of international auto racing's four major divisions competing in one race, initiated a year of fundamental and far-reaching change. The new year was made possible by alterations in racing rules adopted last year by the world governing body of the sport, Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile. Most notable was the decision to transfer world championship points for auto manufacturers from sports racers to the Grand Touring category—a type of car which is basically a roadable, passenger-carrying machine. This interests the major auto manufacturers and makes it possible for such familiar makes as Pontiac Tempests, Chevrolet Corvettes and Corvairs, etc. to compete.

Other categories of automobiles which will make headlines during the coming year are:

Grand Prix (also known as Formula 1): single-seaters which race on road courses (distinct from track circuits like Indianapolis). Grand Prix racing is the only category in which drivers accumulate points for the World Drivers Championship.

Sports racers (also known as "prototype"): two-seater road racers which must have certain qualities of a roadable car, e.g., self-starters, headlights, fenders,

Though the new FIA rule deprives these of championship status, their great popularity ensures their continued appearance in such classics as Sebring and Le Mans.

Grand touring cars (popularly known as GTs): raceable but roadable coupes, sedans or convertibles, which under the new FIA rules can accumulate points toward the world manufacturers' championship. They are divided into three groups, each with separate championship standing. Group III cars include the larger Ferraris, Jaguars and, recently, Chevrolet Corvettes.

Stock cars: highly modified derivations of familiar, mass-produced sedans. In America they are organized in two major groups.—the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing (NASCAR) and the United States Auto Club (USAC)—and have separate national championship titles.

Within these major classifications are other, subsidiary categories, e.g., Formula Junior (smaller Grand Prix type cars), Formula Intercontinental (larger ones) and American single-seat track racers of the Indianapolis variety. Until 1961 Indianapolis counted toward the World Drivers Championship. Last year it did not, but Indy's prize money and prestige are such that this year it will attract not only America's top drivers but foreign drivers and manufacturers as well. **END**

choice
of the
smart set!



New
TAYLOR
VERMOUTHS



Premium quality WITHOUT the premium price. Sweet or Dry with just the right verve to give a cocktail the "master mixer's" touch. Try them and see.

new '62 model of the elegantly frugal import! Vauxhall

Leave it to the indomitable British to come up with a car that's both sensible and sumptuous! The new Vauxhall has fresh, impeccable beauty; fastidiously crafted, color-matched interiors; six-passenger roominess—even an American-size-luggage compartment. It's powered by a sturdy, remarkably smooth 4 that's so sparing with gas you'll think you're running on imperial gallons. That name, again, is **Vauxhall**—sold and serviced by Pontiac dealers.



PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION / GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

BOY SCOUTS

continued from page 35

professional touch, some with touching boy earnestness. A sign on an exhibit featuring the dos and don'ts of first aid struck a chilling note, in Rule No. 2 of miscellaneous. Rule No. 1 said something about always treating for shock. Rule No. 2, in careful, young-serious crayon printing, read, IF A WOUND DOESN'T BLEED, BLEED IT.

The third-floor (Youth and Fitness) crowd spilled past a duplicate of the Mercury capsule, Commander Shepard's transportation on his ride into space; some explorers in gym clothes were lifting weights; and some of the 40 West Point cadets, all former eagle scouts, who took turns conducting the physical fitness obstacle course. (In all, there are 252 former eagle scouts in today's West Point Cadet Corps; more than 60% of the corps are former scouts.) Among the exhibits relating to physical fitness were life saving, calisthenics, boxing, pyramid building, hot rods and first aid. The third-floor first-aid display said nothing about making wounds bleed.

The broad view

Fourth-floor exhibits included Indian lore, kits of nations, scientific exploration, folk dancing, investiture and survival. This was the floor of Youth and World Leadership, and a number of the future World Leaders of both sexes (the girl scouts were lending a helping hand), in a roped-off enclosure, were demonstrating the twist. There was a strong conflict of scout laws in evidence. The scouts doing the twist looked Cheerful enough but not at all Reverent.

While the scouts' new fitness program is getting under way, the old, everyday program has demonstrated that it's quite alive. One example: in 1961 the National Council instigated an endeavor called the Mile Swim Program. The purpose, of course, was to get scouts in shape to swim a mile, without stopping. Safety regulations were established. Cards of certification were printed. An emblem of achievement was designed, to be sewn to the trunks of mile-swimming scouts.

So far, in the first year of the Mile Swim Program, 65,000 scouts have swum that mile. Put those miles back to back, and the boys have swum two and a half times around the earth. That's a lot of energy, a lot of swimming, a lot of character—and a clear-cut edge for the Boy Scout knife over the switchblade. **END**



Listen,
character.

Eighteen holes ago you
were unpoured gin, bottled
Rose's Lime Juice
and a fugitive from an ice
bucket. Now look at you.

The Great Gimlet. As
one pro to
another,
buddy,
you've
got taste,
style and class. Now
hold it right there
till I get this 5-iron
back in the bag.

Vodka also makes a Gimlet great. Formula: 4 or
5 parts vodka or gin to 1 part Rose's Lime Juice,
over ice. In an old-fashioned or cocktail glass.

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND.





'BEAST' BALDWIN AND HIS TWO GREAT LOVES

THE 'BEAST' OF SANTA ANITA

by DOLLY CONNELLY

There just isn't much point in people taking me to Santa Anita Race Track. Before the races are over I'm going to make somebody hopping mad by asking, "What horse? Where?" The horses I see are the descendants of Volante, Silver Cloud, Rey el Santa Anita, Gano, Emperor of Norfolk, Verano, Lucky B and Cruzados. And they're not running around a manicured turf course set on the perimeter of velvet lawns and floral infield in the well-mannered city of Arcadia, Calif. They're slolooming around widespread live oaks in a field of wild oats, and on the back of one is my brother Frank, clinging to its flowing mane for dear life, his bare brown heels dug into heaving flanks. And well behind him, bouncing erratically in a Model T in pursuit over the neglected pasturelands of Rancho Santa Anita, comes the wicked witch of the great ranch, its gatekeeper, Mr. Stover.

The outcome of this race is a thriller far more exciting than the San Juan Capistrano Handicap. It is watched not from a clubhouse terrace but from a crotch in the upper reaches of a tree. Frank will make it to the jungle of singing eucalyptus trees well ahead of Mr. Stover, and there he'll slide in one slick motion from the back of his splendid Thoroughbred mount and, with hardly a break in pace, streak across an irrigation moat to the fence.

That's the trouble with me at Santa Anita Race Track. I'm not with it. I retrogress 40 years or more to a time when the vast estate of Elias Jackson (Lucky) Baldwin lay moldering gently in a tangle of exotic growth gone wild—as fine a setting for the untrammeled play of childhood as the imagination can encompass. All the swimming-pool suburban living, the handsome new ranch-style homes and wind-

ing drives, the bustling subdivisions and massive traffic, the parking lot of 30,000 cars disappear. Left are only the sun-baked Sierra Madres, herringboned by long stringers of firebreaks. And in the verdant bowl at their base at the end of a dusty, mile-long palm drive, an enchanted castle, rich with sylvan beauty and the aroma of old sin, its ghosts so newly laid that you can hear their cries in the night.

Away with you, mink coats and pari-mutuel tickets! I'm flat on my stomach in a field of yellow mustard, listening to the gurgle of water in an irrigation weir, watching for the flash of a fan-tailed goldfish escaped from Lucky's lake!

I'm not sure how it is that children always know all about things that are hidden carefully from them. When we were very young in the somnolent town pressed up against the blue-brown hills of the Sierra Madres, the 600-odd residents spoke the name of E. J. Baldwin in whispers, behind the palm of the hand, with eyebrows twitching. In really nice company he wasn't mentioned at all. Matter of fact, neither was Arcadia, which was synonymous with sin. Even as late as the 1920s, Arcadia's realtors invented all sorts of dodges to keep from sounding the name of the community in their advertisements. It still was split in a way between the rigid moral attitudes of transplanted Iowa chicken farmers and the lusty, libidinous precedent of founding father Lucky Baldwin. Arcadia was the nameless "heart of San Gabriel Valley" for a good 20 years after Baldwin's death in 1909—a tribute to the most flamboyant, forceful, unconventional character in southern California's history.

By grace of that occult osmosis—or whatever it is—with which children are equipped, we knew all about Lucky Baldwin, spectacular libertine, long-gone *puede* of Rancho Santa Anita, our private black knight on a white horse. We liked to lie in bed in the dim twilight of a summer night and listen to the insistent cries for help of hundreds of peafowl, descendants of three pair that Baldwin brought back from a big-game hunt in India. "Help, help!" they beseeched hopelessly, while we snuggled down deeper in our beds. In our fantasy their cries were supplications of the ghosts of young maidens held against their will in the magnificence of the curiously named Queen Anne Cottage, Lucky's pleasure pavilion. The howl of coyotes, abundant on the neglected rancho a decade after Lucky's death, was a ghostly return of "Beast" Baldwin (we knew what newspapers of his day had called him), forever in pursuit.

Now, the reason that Lucky Baldwin had so strong a hold on our imaginations was simple. We sinned when we played in the estate, and thus somehow entered into the Baldwin legend. We lived directly across Huntington Drive from "the home place," the musty heart of Baldwin's land holdings, on a tract that our father had purchased from Lucky's heiress daughter, Anita, for subdivision into one-acre plots.

The center of the great empire, which once reached a total of nearly 80,000 acres, was a lily-covered lake, forever fed by underground springs, surrounded by magnificent

continued

trees. The lake, its outlines lost in swampy overgrowth, was backdrop for the red-and-white Queen Anne Cottage, a beltried gem straight out of the Victorian Age. The Cottage was in so sad a state of disrepair that its paint powdered at a touch. Its wide encircling verandas were scary vine-darkened tunnels, its stained-glass windows blind with the dust of a decade. You could just trace the portrait of Baldwin's big-eyed child wife, Jennie Dexter, in the peeling door panel. Near by were Lucky's wonderful Coach Barn, in which matched carriage horses once fed on choicest grains in stalls of mahogany, hand-curved cedar and redwood; a one-room cabin of eucalyptus logs built by Lucky as a memorial to his birthplace in Hamilton, Ohio; a boathouse; and a complex of kitchen and quarters for Chinese servants ranging outward from the Hugo Reid adobe built in 1841 by Indian friends of the bride of the first *patrón* of Rancho Santa Anita.

The home place lay secret and bushed, except for pigeons and peafowl, an aging queen in tarnished coronation robes, in the remnants of vast orchards and vineyards and pastures that once stretched as far as the eye could see across all the deep fertile soils of San Gabriel Valley, from the Sierra Madres to the Puente Hills at Whittier and from a

line just west of the present community of East Pasadena to the Merced Hills.

Of course, we were forbidden absolutely to set foot onto the rancho, but nobody really expected us to resist its fabulous allure. Mother was a realist. When she stepped from our house to summon us all home at dusk with her long, sweet whistle, she turned and faced in the direction of the home place. We maintained a curious relationship with Mr. Stover, who lived in a cottage just inside the wrought-iron gates at the proper entrance to the estate. When we visited his daughter Alice, a solemn, straight-haired little girl with whom we went to school, we were allowed to walk partway up the long drive in the shadow of massive, rustling palms and might even pick pomegranates, persimmons and apricots, sweet as honey, from mashed branches of gnarled old trees. When Mr. Stover was mounted in the Model T and we were within the ranch unbidden, he metamorphosed into wicked witch. As there were eight of us children and we were subdued by the mysteries of the place, making far less noise than the broken muffler of the Ford, we weren't caught often and came to think of Mr. Stover's convulsed, red-faced threats as mere formula necessitated by his responsibilities.

In our time the fallow ranch held only a fragment of the great herds of domestic animals—sheep, dairy cows, horses, mules, hogs and fowl—that were once stocked in a charming deer park near the home place. There were wild creatures, too—deer, of course, and monkey-faced owls in tall palms around the lake, badgers, skunks, bobcats and raccoons in wooded and swampy areas. In Lucky's day the huge ranch was set out in 500 acres of orange groves, with more than a million young trees in an adjoining nursery; there were extensive groves of lemons, English walnuts, soft-shell almonds, pears, peaches, apricots, prunes, figs, persimmons and olives and experimental orchards of camphor, pepper, coffee and tea plants. There were grain and alfalfa fields, and vineyards extending for miles to supply a winery that produced 100,000 gallons of wine and 30,000 gallons of fine brandy yearly. A training track was provided for the 76 Thoroughbreds racing under Baldwin's red and black colors and his Maltese cross insignia. He kept some of the fastest horses in America in a second racing stable in Indiana, where he polished off the training of his four American Derby winners—Volante in 1885, Silver Cloud in 1886, Emperor of Norfolk in 1888 and Rey el Santa Anita in 1894. Lucky Baldwin wanted to live like a sportive early California Spanish grandee, and he did—on a scale unequalled even by the *hacendados* of the 18th century, who enjoyed immense land grants and absolute power over domains granted by the King of Spain. Baldwin built his holding in much the same way, with Mexican Indians held virtually in state of peonage.

Our first schooling was in a Mexican opportunity school, which we attended with the descendants of rancho workers. We had an enormous scholastic advantage over these dark-eyed classmates. We could speak English! Despite language difficulties, we learned from them what it had been like to live and work at Santa Anita well past the Emancipation



Despite bullets and enemies, Baldwin lived to 81.

Proclamation. Employees were given shelter and generous food and were allowed to charge against wages a modest miscellany of provisions and dry goods at the rancho store. They never were driven hard, but there were no regular paydays. When grumbling became menacing and work slowed, Lucky would meet his crews at his store of a Saturday evening, in his pocket the pearl-handled pistol and the roll of thousands of dollars he habitually carried.

"*Dínera! Dínera!*" the Mexicans would cry. "We want to go into town and enjoy ourselves. Money for a little fiesta, *patrón!*"

"By god," Baldwin would argue, checking accumulated wages due his help, "that's a lot of money. You will blow it all on tequila and get into fights. Then if you are not stabbed to death you will be thrown in jail. Your wives and children will starve."

Baldwin, who never paid a bill without an argument or a law suit, convinced his help that he did them a favor by settling back wages for a silver dollar or two, a jug of molasses, a bag of cornmeal, a string of chili peppers and a length of bright calico for the fat wife. Two or three hundred dollars in cash quieted demand for overdue thousands in payroll. This unscrupulous shrewdness, far more than his legendary luck, was the wellspring of Baldwin's phenomenal success with everything he touched.

The young Baldwin was sharp as a tack by the time he was 12. In 1840, his first big business venture was a hog drive from northern Indiana to Cincinnati. He made a deal with his preacher-farmer father that he could keep proceeds from sale of the hogs on all weight over 160 pounds per animal—an impossible proposition at the end of a four-week drive. Just outside the Cincinnati slaughterhouses Elias fed his charges a large sack of salt and led them to water. He made \$32—a small fortune for a lad of 12—and used it in horse trading. By the time he was 16 his turf career was launched. One of his horses came in winner of \$200 in a race in South Bend, Ind. And so grew the man; few Baldwin business deals did not involve a salted hog or two.

At 18 he married the pretty daughter of a neighboring farmer and for the next few years opened and sold small businesses—always at profit—in Indiana and Wisconsin. In 1853, at 25, with wife and little daughter Clara, Baldwin set out for the gold fields of California. He took with him more than a score of strong horses and four wagons, two of them loaded entirely with brandy and tobacco and tea. It is typical of him that he reached San Francisco with a cash stake of at least \$7,000. En route he traded his goods to the Mormons at a large markup and loaded the empty wagons with water and feed for his horses. The money he put into more horses, which he sold in the mining camps of California at 400% profit. He was one of the few emigrants to cross the plains in a covered wagon and arrive in California with more than twice the funds with which he had set out.

Baldwin lost no time entering into business in San Francisco. Within three days he owned a hotel (he had the date on the contract set back so that he could charge the outgoing proprietor \$18 for three days' room and board) and

soon expanded into real estate speculation and the livery stable business. Through supplying wagons and horses to prospectors heading out for new mines in Virginia City, Nev., Baldwin was close to the excitement of the Comstock Lode. He never turned a spade of ore, but he was to take millions from the Comstock by speculating in shares of mining properties.

By the time he was 39 Lucky Baldwin had a snug bankroll, a multitude of interests and coldly calculated investments—and no wife. His first marriage, to high-tempered Sarah Ann Unruh Baldwin, ended in divorce. He was an impressive figure of a man, proud and arrogant, with a fierce, unblinking look. Slender and strong, of a little more than medium height, he appeared much taller in his habitual costume of Maverick-style long frock coat and wide-brimmed black Stetson hat. He wore a flowing beard and mustache most of his life, was never without a side arm and clanked in his trousers the \$50 octagonal gold slugs that were in circulation before the Government mint was established in San Francisco. (In later years he carried a roll of thousands of dollars in bills or a tin box supposed to contain a fortune.)

Rich from sales of "feet" at the high point of gambling in Nevada mines, Lucky Baldwin locked up his "dead" shares of Ophir, Crown Point and Hale and Norcross mines and set out to see the world. He left instructions with his broker to sell his remaining holdings if their depressed stock came back up to the price he had paid. And therein lies the origin of the name Lucky, the basis of his real fortune and notoriety. Baldwin shot tigers in India and went on to Japan, where acrobats and knife jugglers so intrigued him that he brought back a vaudeville team, with which he toured the country. While he was drumming up business on a big bass drum in front of theaters where his troupe was billed, the Hale and Norcross mine hit a fabulous pocket of gold. Prices soared to \$12,000 a foot—and the price of stock jumped to 15 times Baldwin's selling order. Eventually Baldwin returned to San Francisco and there discovered that his Hale and Norcross shares still were unsold! He had carried the key to his safe with him around the world. His broker had been unable to act on the selling order. A fortune of perhaps \$5 million was tossed in his lap.

Along with the Japanese acrobats and tiger skins, Baldwin brought home a new bride—a pretty little New Orleans widow, the only woman who ever evened the score with him. Their wedded life was exhilarating. The story goes that Baldwin was so fearful of being poisoned for his conspicuous infidelities that he would taste no food in his Geary Street home until his bride had eaten of it. At the time of their divorce Mary Cochrane Ford Baldwin won a settlement of \$1 million and the elegant home. It couldn't have hurt too much—Baldwin meanwhile had made millions in Crown Point shares and had taken another estimated \$5 million with his corner on Ophir mining stock during the Big Bonanza.

He was famous, and *les girls* discovered him—or he them. Or both. His clerk at the Baldwin Hotel claimed, "Baldwin didn't run after the women, they ran after him."

continued

Certainly he was easy to catch, as is borne out by court records and newspapers over a lusty half-century span. Baldwin's amours first broke into the public print—where they stayed until settlement of his will five years after his death—with a shot through his left arm, at just about the level of his heart, fired by a handsome young cousin named Verona, who had been employed as a school teacher on the Arcadia ranch.

But the legal action that rocked California and still is whispered in detail by Arcadia graybeards was the half-million-dollar breach-of-promise suit brought by Miss Louise Perkins, described by the *Los Angeles Times* as "a lovely damsel of about fifteen years." The petite Miss Perkins made an excellent witness:

"Mr. Baldwin had told my mother he would protect and advise me as he would his own daughter. He said it made no difference as we would be married soon."

The moist-eyed jury brought in a verdict of \$75,000 damages. Baldwin was 59 years old, but the lambent Louise set a precedent for courtroom weeping by other "ruined" maidens that went on and on. One more took a shot at him, the bullet ranging harmlessly through his thick white hair. Lucky was particularly outraged by a suit brought for \$75,000 on the grounds of seduction by Miss Lillian Ashley. He branded it as attempted extortion, shouting in manly pride: "Anyone who has seen her would not credit her charge against me. The woman is old." Lillian Ashley at the time of the alleged seduction was 31 years old to Baldwin's 65!

Baldwin's third bride was the love of his life, fragile Jennie Dexter, a great-eyed child of 18, nine years younger than Baldwin's own daughter Clara. He met Jennie in Virginia City and thereafter devoted much of his time to interests in that roaring mining camp. In 1879 they were married. Three years later, Jennie Dexter Baldwin, still hardly more than a girl, sickened and died in the Baldwin suite of his San Francisco hotel, leaving baby daughter Anita. Throughout the remainder of Lucky's life, while he pursued and was sued, he treasured in a little glass cabinet in his rancho home a pair of tiny satin slippers and gloves worn by the gentle Jennie. It was almost the only sentimentality he showed throughout his 81 years.

Baldwin's fourth and final marriage was celebrated in 1884, when he was 56, with a snide social item in the *Los Angeles Times*: "The amorous millionaire . . . met still another little brunette, a Miss Lillie Bennett. . . . But though very little and very ingenue, Miss Bennett was a canny little body, and gray-haired grandpa Baldwin had to make her his tiny wife." Miss Bennett was his junior by 40 years. She resided at Lucky's Nob Hill mansion on San Francisco's California Street and apparently never visited the Santa Anita estate, referred to with relish as Baldwin's Harem by western papers of the day.

Baldwin's amorous peccadillos and marriages did not interfere with the expansion of his business interests,

which extended into dozens of enterprises, among them the 8,000-acre Tallac resort at Lake Tahoe, the fabulous Baldwin Hotel and Theatre in San Francisco, and a growing racing stable. Two Kentucky-bred stallions, Grinstead and Rutherford, purchased in Saratoga, were the start of the stable. Baldwin had long held a dream of a magnificent ranch devoted primarily to his horses when in 1875 a tip came his way on a promising gold property in Bear Valley in the San Bernardino Mountains. Half a day's ride out of the infant city of Los Angeles, Baldwin found himself in a paradise, an oasis of great trees and green fields in the semiarid southland, the Rancho Santa Anita, forever fed by springs of the Raymond Basin underlying its heartland. Baldwin was not at heart a gambler, even though his wealth came from gambling in mining shares. He was a fourth-generation Midwest farmer, with faith in the land. And now his attention was enthralled with the prospects of Santa Anita.

Santa Anita's glamorous history goes back to 1771, when Francisco fathers founded the Mission San Gabriel Archangel, its lands extending from the Pacific Ocean to the San Bernardino Mountains, divided into ranchos. Most productive among them was the Santa Anita, set out in pastures, grainfield, orchards and vineyards. Fifty years later the Mexican government succeeded Spain in California, and the lands became public. Santa Anita's first grantee was Hugo Reid, an adventurous trader known as the Scotch Paisano. He married a young Indian woman who owned title to valuable La Huerta de Cueto, now the city of San Marino. Victoria Reid's lands adjoined the rancho, which fired Hugo Reid's desire much as it later inspired Baldwin. He obtained a grant of title by petition from Governor Juan B. Alvarado and set about building the first home in Arcadia, a one-story adobe house later used by Baldwin as his private residence on the south shore of the lake overlooking the valley below.

The discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill in 1848 drew adventurer Reid away from the storybook life of a *hacendado*, and thereafter the ranch knew many owners, most important among them William Wolfskill, ex-trapper and Indian fighter, who added to Santa Anita the adjoining Rancho Azusa de Duarte. Wolfskill is credited with the first planting of eucalyptus trees in California, with seed brought from Australia. He set out numbers of them around the lake.

A Los Angeles wholesale grocer, Harris Newmark, and his associates owned the rancho at the time Baldwin became enamored of it in 1875. Baldwin bought it for \$200,000, paying cash out of his tin box. It was the largest real estate transaction ever recorded up to that time in Los Angeles, though the ranch now was reduced to 8,000 acres, its owners having sold off chunks that became the settlements of Chapman Woods, Rosemead and Sunnyslope.

Once launched on vast land ownership, Lucky hankered for more. Shortly he was approached by the faltering Temple and Workman Bank of Los Angeles, caught up in the panic of western bank failures, for a loan of \$210,000. Baldwin required a blanket mortgage on all the feudal real

estate owned by the bank's founders and, for good measure, the extensive lands owned by their close friend, Juan Mateo Sanchez. Baldwin's loan thus was secured by more than 50,000 acres of choice land. The bank failed to recover, and Baldwin foreclosed, coming into possession of a landed empire of fantastic size—the Rancho Portrero Grande, Portrero de Felipe Lugo, La Merced, La Puente and La Ciénega. The business deal had a tragic finale: F.P.F. Temple suffered a stroke, William Workman committed suicide, and accommodating friend Juan Sanchez, once a rich *hacendado*, died penniless. Baldwin was unconcerned.

Improvements at Santa Anita went ahead on a lavish scale. Three hundred workers planted trees and vineyards, dug artesian wells and built reservoirs, laid out irrigation systems and constructed stables and training tracks for Lucky's growing stable of race horses. In Saratoga he bought Josie C and Maggie Emerson, Thoroughbred Kentucky mares, and shipped them west. At Alexander's stud farm in Kentucky he bought six fillies, Jennie D, Blossom, Clara D, Santa Anita, Glenista and Ophir. With stallions Grinstead and Rutherford, they were the making of one of the most successful racing stables for the size of its stud ever developed in America, one of a mere handful that actually were made to pay. In a single season Baldwin's red Maltese cross was first across the finish in 15 races out of 25 starts at Saratoga. Eastern track men called him "the California scourge."

Baldwin's fine wines and fruit brandies began to win fame, even taking gold medals at worldwide exhibits in Paris. Under Baldwin, Santa Anita became a fantastically productive modern ranch but one that offered hospitality on a kingly scale. "There is not enough money in the world to buy the Santa Anita," boasted Baldwin.

Lucky's luck held. In 1885, in a time of deep depression when his obligations exceeded his income by hundreds of thousands, the Santa Fe Railroad drove its golden spike in Cajon Pass, and direct rail traffic began to flow from the East to Los Angeles. The right-of-way went directly through the ranch, with a private station for the use of Baldwin and his guests. Not long after the last rail was laid a rate war began between the two giants, the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe, reducing fares from Missouri River points to as low as \$1. The great California land boom was on, with Baldwin sitting smack in the middle of a new gold rush of madly scrambling land seekers.

At first he sold large acreage to developers of such towns as Sierra Madre and Menrovia, but as 50-foot town lots

increased in value Lucky cut out the middlemen. He laid out the tree-shaded townsite of Arcadia, until then a huddle of Mexican hovels housing his workmen, and personally supervised the planting of rows of eucalyptus trees along the major drives.

When we were children, walking home from school under one of Lucky Baldwin's tunnels of eucalypti was a thing of value, like holding a warm, new-laid egg in the hand. One hundred feet above our heads the giant, gray-green trees hummed privately to one another, long, slim leaf blades clashing softly as they shed their medicinal fragrance like invisible skirts in the hot, still air below. If we dug with



Baldwin's pleasure pavilion was the oddity named Queen Anne Cottage.

our fingers into a tree trunk, bits of ragged bark peeled away from the unborn satin layers beneath. Held tight, the bark perfumed us for hours. Or until we were forced to wash. By the time we arrived home we felt very small and clean and more than a little holy.

Baldwin built an elaborate hotel formally called the Oakwood but popularly known as Fairyland, in which to entertain coaching parties from Los Angeles, and set out the finest of foods and wines right off his ranch. He threw himself into the creation of his town, envisioning an Eden of orchard lands, requiring that land purchasers plant their acreage to citrus trees from his nurseries within a year of the sale. He was Arcadia's first mayor, serving from 1903, the date of incorporation, until his death in 1909. Early legislation on Arcadia's books reflects the Baldwin high hand. The town was wide open to every wagering sport, but an ordinance prohibited the molesting or cutting down of a

continued

tree. A master salesman, America's original realtor and southern California's first great promoter, he advertised widely, and when prospects protested at his high prices for unimproved land, he uttered a classic remark still much used by California's realtors:

"Hell, we're giving the land away. We're only selling the climate!"

In the last two decades of his life detractors liked to claim that luck deserted E. J. Baldwin. The land boom collapsed. In the depression of 1893 his indebtedness ran into millions—a fact that weighed so lightly upon him that he made fun of bankers' worries over his overdrawn accounts and worthless checks. Fire insurance on his \$3 million Baldwin Hotel was allowed to lapse just before it burned to the ground. Looking over the ruin, Baldwin snapped: "By gad, I'm not licked yet!"

In 1900, at 72, debonair as always, he sailed on the *S. S. Kalem* for Nome, planning to recoup in the Alaska gold rush with a gambling casino. A titillating rumor went around that Lucky's gear included 30 dancing girls to lighten leisure moments for miners, but at the last moment he had a row with the supplier of this flare of strumpets and sailed without them. Some of the fire had gone out of the old man. He sold his portable casino at a profit of \$50,000 and returned on the last boat out before freeze-up.

At the turn of the century Arcadia had gained the gamy, roaring reputation that was to cause its residents to grow scarlet with embarrassment when need arose to identify the old home town. Even decades later there was a certain raciness to being an Arcadian, like admitting that one was a citizen of Sodom. We children were patients of a fat dentist in Pasadena who used to chuckle so at the mere thought of treating Arcadians that his big belly bounced up and down under his crackly white coat and the drill jiggled against our teeth while he was working on us. We were rather pleased with this recognition and did not in the least object to dental appointments.

The Oakwood Hotel was known far and wide for "a whirl with the tiger and incidental entertainment." The Clara Villa, opened near the gates of the rancho by Lucky's elder daughter, was hardly the spot for a Boy Scout jamboree. It was noted as "a rendezvous for young bloods, with appeal to gentlemen visitors in particular." Clara Baldwin Stocker, veteran of four marriages, was as restless and adventurous as her father. Men were as important in her life as women in Lucky's, with this difference—Clara had few other diversions. When oldtimers mull the personality of flamboyant Mrs. Stocker, they bog down: "Clara was, well, Clara." Surprisingly, her will revealed another Clara. She left one-fifth of her \$17 million estate for the establishment of a home for aged women.

Around the nucleus of the Oakwood and Clara's Villa grew up a nest of lesser establishments, saloons and hotels with the same general motif. All of them profited from the establishment of Lucky's racetrack, the Santa Anita,

opened in December of 1907. Said 79-year-old Lucky, "I desire no other monument. This is the greatest thing I have ever done." He lived long enough to see his own horses, ridden by his own jockeys, run on his own mile oval. Lucky's track was served by a spur of the Southern Pacific Railroad, which brought both horses and spectators, parking trains alongside a grandstand that seated thousands. On opening day a myriad of horse-and-huggy rigs and a few automobiles helped to bring a crowd of 20,000.

Arcadia ancients sometimes would talk to us children about those great days. "Nobody but a hee-haw would bet agin Lucky," they'd say. "He raised his own horses, and he raised his own jockeys from those black boys he brought here from Carolina and he raced them on his own track. Nobody but a real hee-haw would put up his green agin Lucky." This conviction may have reflected nothing but prevailing elder Arcadia attitude, for Edward Morphy, editor of the *California Turf* in the '90s and international newspaperman for half a century, wrote of Baldwin, "I never knew but one good thing about him. He never threw a race."

Only 14 months after opening day the racing crowds saw Baldwin for the last time. Crippled with gout and feeble with a heavy cold, he had to be helped to his seat. Three days later he lay dead of pneumonia in the adobe built by Hugo Reid for his Indian bride. Lucky Baldwin hardly had been laid to rest in the family mausoleum in San Francisco when state law banned horse racing in California in 1909, and the Santa Anita track closed down.

The ranch caretaker, "Canyon Bill" Morgan, warned our big brother Chet to keep away from the barns and the vicious characters who hung out there, but Chet was an eager 12-year-old, fascinated with the rodeos and horse shows held at the track after racing was outlawed. The stable boys rode wild bulls, lassoed cattle and broke in bucking broncos. It looked so easy Chet jumped at the offer to ride a wild bull. He lasted maybe five seconds before being flung far and wide.

The grandstand burned spectacularly in 1912, and the property stood unoccupied except for a few horses in the barns until the Army took it over in 1916 as Ross Field, or the Balloon School, for the training of balloonists as observers for the Signal Corps. Long rows of stables—acres of them, designed for 1,200 horses—became barracks for 2,000 trainees. Over the Baldwin ranch sailed gray, elephant-eared monsters of World War I, and sometimes one of them would burst and burn, plummeting its basket and its helpless riders to the earth below. We hated the balloons, watching them in fear. It was more to our liking to watch the men swim in Lucky's reservoir in the heart of Arcadia.

The final destiny of the 180-acre racetrack was to become a luxurious recreation ground known as Arcadia County Park. Where Lucky's fast horses once ran, today's visitors may find folk dancing, hook-rug and flower-arranging classes, pet exhibits and lawn bowling. Arcadia housecleaned at a decent interval after the decease of its founding father. A city election outlawed the sale of liquor, padlocking the Clara Villa and all those saloons. The Oak-



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SANTA ANITA *continued*

wood conveniently burned, the racetrack was gone. A new era began for Arcadia, today a sports-car suburb, the archetype of the \$75,000-ranch-home community. Nowadays, despite the new Santa Anita track, an Arcadia address is a status symbol, indicating residence in a select city of homes from which industry firmly has been barred. But in the right wind the old flavor still may be sniffed.

In the 1930s Anita Baldwin, the younger of Lucky's daughters, rented the Queen Anne Cottage to a group of gamblers who operated the place secretly as a casino. At regular intervals, Arcadia's righteous citizens have had to put down cockfighting, dubious dance halls that held allure for girls of high school age, pinball machines and assorted gambling dens. Race-track followers in pursuit of the fast and sinful buck are held at bay rigidly each winter. By god, Lucky ain't licked yet!

As a matter of fact, the Baldwin luck did not end on his deathbed. A few years later his Merced sheep pastures came into production as the Montebello oil field, the richest in the West and, a few years after that, derricks sprouted on his La Ciénega Rancho in Baldwin Hills, where Lucky grazed sheep for half a century. If they still owned all the ranches to which Baldwin clung so tenaciously, spending in wide swathes through the heart of California's golden southland, his descendants would be among the world's richest people.

Anita grew up as a gentlewoman, living apart from lusty Lucky and Clara. She married twice, taking a cousin as first husband at 16. Later she married Attorney Hull McClaughey, and by him had two children. When this marriage also ended in divorce, she resumed her

maiden name, calling herself Mrs. Anita Baldwin. This gave her son, Baldwin, the curious name of Baldwin M. Baldwin. Her daughter she named Dextra, in memory of Jennie Dexter Baldwin. For most of her latter years Anita lived as a semirecluse on 20 acres of oak-studded highlands of the rancho in a magnificent 100-room home, Anoakia, built at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars in 1913. It contained stables, coach barns, gymnasium, swimming pool, tennis courts and bowling alleys.

When we were children we saw Lucky's favorite daughter dependably, once a year, when she came out of her elegant seclusion to enter her famed palomino horses in the Pasadena Rose Parade.

From earliest childhood I remember regal Anita, clad in formal habit with divided skirt and top hat, riding on a prancy, high-tailed, butter-colored horse, with her proud head held so high that the chin tilted backward. Anoakia was surrounded by an electrified fence (we touched it once and almost knocked our heads off), and bloodthirsty hounds roamed the precincts. If you walked close to the fence, the dogs would come at full tilt, yelling like banshees,



Baldwin's daughter Anita tried to build track with Hualah's Snoot.

with a furious caretaker in their wake. We liked to think of mysterious Anita as the Sleeping Beauty, hidden deep in the live oaks and probably kept there against her will. Anoakia is now an exclusive school for girls.

One morning Anita sent word that she would call upon Father at our home that afternoon to discuss some business matter with him. My mother was in a fine sweat. The old guard simply did not receive the Baldwins—not even Anita, who was, after all, the daughter of Lucky and a Virginia City girl and who had been twice divorced. On the other hand, our entire security as

a family depended upon the continuing amicable business relationship between Anita and Father, who was in the throes of subdividing certain of her properties in West Arcadia.

He was nervous as a cat, knowing what was going on with Mother. Finally her practical self came to the fore. She made us children remove all the goldfish bowls and the aquarium from the living room (they were filled with Lucky's fish) and take out the artistic vases of peacock feathers gathered on the estate. This left large round wetfish-looking places on tables and a queer empty feel to the corners of the room. Quickly she covered the fishbowl spots with doilies and cut hydrangeas to fill the peacock-feather vases. She put on her best blue silk, the one with the white lightning flashes on it, her best earrings and her ring, and did her hair up in an imperious mound on top of her head. At that point we were banished, retiring to hiding places where we could get a good look at the show.

Anita trotted in smartly in a frail, high-wheeled buggy drawn by a snorty, shiny horse that kept prancing up and down on his skinny ankles, while Father tried to tie the reins in a ring cemented in one of the pillars of the front porch. Anita strode before him through the front door in black riding boots and guardsman's coat buttoned severely from ankles to chin. She was the first person I ever saw wearing dark glasses who was not blind. The horse snapped around and tossed his head up and down and puffed and wheezed and pawed, crazy to be off, the whole time she was in the house.

Mother served Anita a prissy, formal cup of tea (best cups) and retired to a crack in the sliding doors leading from the dining room. The business was concluded handily. Soon Anita swung out of our driveway as if she were driving a sulkie. We followed the long rooster tail of her dust, running wildly after her down the center of Huntington Drive, until it turned in sharply at the gates of the rancho and disappeared between the palms of the estate drive. It was a great day, and the closest we ever got to Anita.

Anita installed a giant Maltese cross
continued



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SANTA ANITA *continued*

of concrete as a memorial to her father in front of his steeple barn at the west end of the ranch, near the training track he had built in 1875. Beneath it were buried his four American Derby winners. Later the cross and remains were removed to a place before the present Santa Anita paddock. Bronze plaques here record the names of Baldwin's great horses—Molly McCarthy, Americus, Los Angeles Grinstead, Cruzados and many more.

After Baldwin's death both daughters traveled restlessly but returned always to Arcadia—Anita to Arcadia, Clara to Canary Cottage, her home on Foot-hill Boulevard. Anita took over management of the home ranch, specializing in the raising of purebred livestock. Orchards and vineyards were torn out and the land turned to pasture. Within 15 years her interest lagged, and she began to liquidate the stock. Finally the lands lay fallow until their final disposition in the late '30s as subdivisions of beautiful homesites under the developing hand of Harry Chandler, publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*, once one of Lucky's severest critics. The selling price never was disclosed.

In the Depression years Anita, herself a fine horsewoman, came around full circle to her father's old racetrack dream. Horse racing once more was legalized in California. Defiant of conventional opposition, she entered into an arrangement with Joe Smoot, builder of the Hialeah track, whereby she was to furnish site and provide cash and he would supervise and manage the project. The "good" elements in Arcadia came up screaming en masse, but so potent was the argument that the building of the track would employ local people and bring new money into the community that the track was voted in. Anita was granted a license to operate a racetrack within the town limits. But Smoot and Anita came to a bitter parting of the ways, and work halted as suddenly as it had begun. A new company, the Los Angeles Turf Club, under the management of Dr. Charles H. Strub, stepped in quickly to take advantage of the cleared paper way. A new site was selected, some-

what east of the Smoot excavation—a 400-acre expanse, once a peach orchard supplying fruit for brandy, lying adjacent to the home place.

The modern Santa Anita opened on Christmas Day 1934, a quarter of a century after the closure of Lucky's track. Santa Anita can claim to be the richest, the most glamorous, the loveliest horse-racing track in the world. Fantastically successful, it has returned annual dividends to investors as high as 85%. The location is superb, just as it always has been since brown-robed Franciscan fathers first saw the hand of God upon it. Shining in the sun against the shadowed backdrop of the eternal mother mountains, the track is surrounded by acres of giant pan-ses, violas and showy calceolarias—\$200,000 worth of them. In his lifetime the late Doc Strub used to mount the roof of the clubhouse with a pair of binoculars, several telephones and a fleet of secretaries. He observed everything, demanding perfection of a staff of 5,000 specialists from totalizer technicians to parking-lot jockeys, setting a tradition of considered superiority.

Not all Arcadians are delighted with the sport of kings in their midst even now. You want to find out, just ask them—they are extremely vocal on the subject. The town is divided between those who favor the track and those who heartily damn it for its attendant flocks of gamblers and assorted crums, its traffic, its tendency to make horseplayers out of the local gentry and its general confusions over a 55-day racing season each winter. On the other hand, who hasn't heard of Arcadia? Did the chickens ever bring it such luster?

The last chapter in the Baldwin story was written in 1947 by the State of California which, jointly with Los Angeles County, purchased the lush 127-acre heart of the home place—the enchanting lake dredged and widened by Lucky, the Queen Anne Cottage, the Hugo Reid adobe, the giant eucalypti and palms, the tangled mass of tropical growth. A kind fate has converted "Baldwin's Harem" to California Historical Landmark No. 367, an exquisite arboretum.

The bijou Cottage and Coach Barn

continued

CONSUMER
PROGRESS SHADING
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Rustproofing?

Rambler spills more than others use

Silent scourge of automobiles is rust, which normally starts *inside* body panels and girders.

To stop that scourge, Rambler goes to extra lengths no other car manufacturer does.

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Far more rustproofing

When the body comes out, dripping excess solution back into the tank, well over 15 pounds of rustproofing chemicals coat the steel—more rustproofing than any other American car gets, and more spilled, literally, than others use.

But Deep-Dip is just one part of Rambler's all-out rust fight. The

body alone goes through a 9-step procedure which reveals, just by listing, how fighting rust is practically an obsession with Rambler.

9-step protection

1) Lower body panels are zinc-clad . . . 2) Zinc-rich primer is used on critical metal surfaces before welding . . . 3) Body is spray-rustproofed with phosphate paint-bonding chemical . . . 4) Entire body is Deep-Dipped . . . 5) Body is spray-coated with primer-surfacer that is baked on . . . 6) Corrosion-inhibiting wax compound is sprayed inside girders, rocker panels, fenders . . . 7) Two coats of chip- and salt-resistant super enamel are baked on . . . 8) Combination sound-deadening and rustproofing material is sprayed on vital body areas . . . 9) Abrasion-resistant sealer compound is

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topped with Victorian pseudobelfries, whimsical in new red and white paint, are restored beautifully down to the smallest detail of furnishing. Lucky's original planting scheme—pampas grass reflected in the lake, Russian violets along the paths and banks roses rampant—again flourishes. They have even put wax figures in the Queen Anne Cottage—none of them, alas, lovely damsels of 15, with cascades of curls tumbling down their backs. The wax people are very prim. They look as though they have never heard of a fixed roulette wheel.

It just doesn't seem possible that we once fell through the rotting ceiling into the gambling room and there marveled at gilt-framed mirror walls, dusty parquet floor, embroidered bell pulls, stained glass windows and white marble fireplaces flecked with Nevada gold. Or that Frank nearly drowned in a slimy mass of water lilies when he jumped in the lake after popeyed fan-tailed Japanese goldfish. Still, there is the little black figure standing on his elegantly carved horse block, holding an upthrust ring for the reins of long-dead matched carriage horses. We used to clear the rank weeds away from him, faking his solid iron company among the ghosts.

Is the shroud to tragic Jennie Dexter still in the Queen Anne Cottage? Is it true, as we believed when we were children, that Chirn had a wooden leg? Do the peafowl still plead piteously for help on a summer's night? Is it right, what some of the elderly Mexican laborers around the horse barns say? That on great days at Santa Anita, when the Big 'Cap and the Derby are running, there appears in the paddocks a fine figure of a man, clad in long frock coat and wide-brimmed black Stetson hat, his flowing white hair and shaggy mustache lending dignity to his impressive bearing? And does there cling to his arms an adorable hussy of tender years, tripping delicately by his side in tiny high-heeled French slippers no bigger than a doll's?

Well, by god, it should be! Santa Anita is Lucky's track!

END

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New NP-27 Treatment (Liquid and Medicated Powder) guarantees effective relief—or full refund from your druggist.

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

St. John's Coach Joe Lapchick was sure that his team could beat Villanova—even after the Wildcats had whopped Duquesne 82-63 in Philadelphia. But for a few nervous minutes Lapchick fretted and fumed on the bench as New York's Madison Square Garden, Villanova's zone defense surrounded 6-foot-10 LeRoy Ellis in the pivot. Hubie White, a sneaky 6-foot-4 jumping jack, flipped in seven points and the visitors led 14-6. Then Lapchick put in Willie Hall to play White, and his disposition improved. Hall took care of White on defense. Kevin Loughery spread the Cats with jumpers from the sides, and Ellis, with more room to maneuver, began to rebound and hit with tap-ins and short hooks. When it was all over, Ellis had 32 points and 20 rebounds, the ubiquitous Hall had limited White to only 12 more points and St. John's had won 79-66. Two nights later the Redmen let down a bit, but still managed to beat stubborn Niagara 67-46 in double overtime.

NYU's rough spots were still showing against smaller Temple but playmaker Mark Reiner developed a hot hand and banished the somewhat wilted Violets. Reiner tossed in a dozen points, mostly from far out, in the last 6½ minutes to force a 67-67 tie, added eight more in overtime to finish with 35, and NYU won 78-73. The Violets were smoother against Army and beat the Cadets 69-61.

With tournament time near, Providence, Holy Cross and Navy were straining to make the selectors sit up and take notice. The Friars, with big Jim Hladick operating from a single post, spurred past Le Moyne (N.Y.) 53-46, Boston College 70-68 and Assumption 56-42. They have now won 10 in a row. Holy Cross trounced Seton Hall 111-84 as Jack Foley outshot Nick Werkman 38 points to 26, then beat Syracuse 76-67. Navy whipped Pennsylvania Military College 76-40 and then William & Mary 71-59 for its seventh straight. Yale and Cornell were still running neck and neck in the Ivy League. Yale beat Harvard 77-68 and Dartmouth 85-72; Cornell edged Princeton 45-43 and Penn 60-50. The top three:

1. ST. JOHN'S (19-4)
2. VILLANOVA (16-4)
3. DUQUESNE (10-3)

THE SOUTH

Duke found it couldn't get along without Art Heyman and suddenly the Atlantic

Coast race was alive again. Wake Forest and North Carolina State were closing in on the apprehensive Blue Devils. While Heyman nursed a sprained ankle, N.C. State harassed the other Dukes with a tenacious defense, hit 11 of its first 17 shots, and sent the league leaders tumbling 78-55. Heyman recovered and, significantly, so did Duke. Heyman scored 25 points and the Blue Devils trounced Virginia 101-75.

Meanwhile, Wake Forest, making the most of Len Chappell's usual stretch push, beat fading North Carolina 87-80. The Tar Heels couldn't get around Chappell in the corner of the Deacons' 1-3-1 zone and they couldn't stop the big fellow from pushing in 36 points and snaring 14 rebounds. Marvelous Carolina Coach Dean Smith: "When he gets underneath, he just goes home. Nobody can stop him."

Although Mississippi State was still winning in the SEC, Coach Babe McCarthy was plainly worried about the future. His Bulldogs got by Tulane 70-59 and Tennessee 91-67 but they had to face Kentucky Monday in Lexington, where they hadn't beaten the Wildcats in 60 years. It didn't help McCarthy's peace of mind, either, when Adolph Rupp turned his Wildcats loose in a fast break and they ran over Mississippi 83-60 for their 16th straight (see page 32).

It was all over in the Southern Conference. West Virginia turned back George Washington 87-62 to clinch the regular-season title, but the Mountaineers will have to do it all over again in the conference tournament at Richmond March 1-3 to earn an NCAA invitation. Western Kentucky's Ed Diddle got a hand from son Ed Jr., whose Middle Tennessee team upset Morehead 72-69 to help keep his puppy's Hilltoppers in the Ohio Valley. Iond Independent Louisville thought it had a big one in the bag, but Bradley's Chet Walker, who had already shot in 38 points, put in a rebound in the last second and the Cardinals lost 80-79 before 17,347 at Freedom Hall. The top three:

1. KENTUCKY (13-1)
2. MISSISSIPPI STATE (10-1)
3. DUKE (9-0)

THE MIDWEST

Big Ten coaches were used to Ohio State's magnificence but they still couldn't help marveling at the Buckeyes OSU all but ran Iowa off the floor while winning 89-63. Then Jerry Lucas demonstrated his deadly efficiency against Minnesota. He made 14

out of 15 from the floor, wound up with 34 points, and the Buckeyes won easily 91-66. Moaned Minnesota's Coach Johnny Kundla: "It's awful how powerful OSU is. I honestly think we played a pretty good game—but they make you look just terrible."

Just to add to Ohio State's pleasure, ninth-place Michigan let the air out of second-place Wisconsin's bubble. The Wolverines caught the Badgers with their defenses lagging at Madison and upset them 81-74. Wisconsin came back to beat Michigan State 77-72, but the Badgers will have to hustle to hold off Illinois for second place. The Illini won twice, over Minnesota 89-80 and Iowa 91-81. One other Big Ten statistic: Purdue's Terry Duchsinger scored 47 points as the Boilermakers beat Indiana 105-93.

The fight was strictly between Bradley and Cincinnati in the Missouri Valley after St. Louis knocked Wichita out of the race 36-68. Earlier, the Hillbillies, with their darting, clawing *kwara-type* defense, had Cincinnati trembling before the Boarses finally won 54-48. Meanwhile, Bradley stayed on top with a 91-61 victory over North Texas State. But the Braves still have to beat Cincinnati—and St. Louis—on the road, to win the title.

In the Big Eight it was Colorado and Kansas State against the field. The Buffs knocked over Oklahoma 54-40 and Nebraska 74-63 while K-State, taking its cue from 6-foot-8 Mike Wroblewski's 46 points, punished old rival Kansas 91-72, then used its tight defense to turn back Missouri 65-59. Mid-American leader Bowling Green was stopped by Toledo 70-59 after 11 straight. Among the independents, Loyola (15-2) whipped Western Michigan 102-79, Creighton (14-4) beat Marquette 79-72 in overtime and Notre



LEROY ELLIS, St. John's agile center, moves in at top speed to scoop ball out of reach of Villanova's tough Hubie White in 79-66 victory.

Date: 74-75 to enhance their tournament chances. The top three:

1. OHIO STATE (18-0)
2. CINCINNATI (18-2)
3. BRADLEY (16-3)

THE SOUTHWEST

Wonders never cease in the hurly-burly Southwest Conference. The latest surprise was perpetrated by TCU. The seventh-place Frogs somehow had first-place Texas Tech wrapped up in a 63-63 tie with two seconds to go at Lubbock. Then Phil Reynolds took a pass from David Warnell, dribbled twice, faked and fired in the shot that beat Tech 65-63—all in two seconds! Before the week ended, last-place Baylor had surprised Arkansas 76-60; SMU beat Texas 84-82 (in overtime) and Texas A&M 59-54, and Tech came back to trim Baylor 81-62 and hold the conference lead.

Defense was hardly a consideration as Arizona State outshot West Texas State 107-103 to win the Border title, but it was very much in evidence as Houston defeated Florida State 84-76 and Miami (Fla.) 80-69. However, even the Cougars joined the free-shooters in a 165-73 romp over North Texas State. The top three:

1. ARIZONA STATE (12-2)
2. HOUSTON (18-4)
3. TEXAS TECH (20-4)

THE WEST

For a while ambitious Stanford entertained visions of Big Five eminence. Six-foot-8 John Windsor, a catlike 225-pounder, stalled USC's fast break by controlling the offensive boards and, when Center Tom Dose got into foul trouble, he helped out in the pivot along with Mike Ledgerwood. Windsor got 27 points and Stanford beat USC 67-56. But UCLA was too much for the Indians. They couldn't stop Johnny Green's long-distance bombing (for 32 points), Fred Slaughter's rebounding or Walt Hazzard's playmaking, and the league-leading Bruins won easily 82-64.

St. Mary's was the latest leader in the West Coast AC. The Gaels surprised Loyola 72-71 on Steve Gray's last-second shot and then scored a solid 74-60 win over San Francisco. Up north, usually meticulous Oregon State tumbled frequently but Jay Curry pumped in 26 points to lead the Beavers safely past Portland 75-64. Utah's Billy McGill, prodiged by aggressive hometown fans, gave Montana Coach Frosty Cox his biggest headache of a dismal season: 53 points, for a new Skyline record, as the Utes clobbered Montana 97-61. Colorado State U. and Utah State, more concerned with their fight for a place in the NCAA tournament, continued to win. The Rams held off pesky Denver 77-67; the Aggies beat BYU 80-70. The top three:

1. OREGON STATE (17-4)
2. UTAH (17-2)
3. UCLA (15-1)



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18TH HOLE continued

a magnificent athlete the Chamberlain shots were. Bravo John Zimmermann! Bravo Wilt Chamberlain! Bravo Sports Illustrated!

GARY SHIFF

Lewisburg, Pa.

Sirs:

Congratulations on the fine article, *The Hand-off* (Jan. 29). In those wonderful words and Mark Kauffman's still more wonderful pictures you have caught the true spirit of man's oldest and best-loved sport: the foot race.

THOMAS N. TORIN

Plymouth, R.I.

NO LAUGHING

Sirs:

I was particularly disappointed in your fine magazine these past weeks: Kansas City, for some time a butt for humor in your pages, had its first professional championship in 15 years, and you failed to mention it. Granted 1) that the American Basketball League is new, 2) that your article on last year's NCAA finals shed good light on our town and 3) that you have basically ignored the ABL, a theory I can't totally disagree with at this time. Still, Kansas City's Steers deserve some mention. They beat a team composed of several acceptable if erratic NBA players, three holdovers from last year's AAU champions and Larry Siegfried, one of the top five college players in the nation last year.

DUNCAN NIFF

Kansas City, Mo.

A HOLE IN 10

Sirs:

Until last week, when Arnold Palmer came through at last, putting was holding him and most of the other top pros back (Jan. 22, et seq.). I have played with some of the best putters during the last 60 years, including Walter J. Travis, Jerry Travers, Chick Evans, Bobby Jones, Ben Hogan, Byron Nelson, Walter Hagen and even Harry Vardon and James Braid, and they all had that something in common: they went for the hole.

However, one fact not emphasized often enough is that a putt has a better chance of holing out if it dies just about at the hole, for there are 360° of entrance in the perimeter. Therefore, I have devised the following Ten Rules for Putting a Golf Ball into the Hole, which might be of interest—and help—to your readers if not to Palmer and Co.

- 1) Keep your body rock still and look at the back of the ball.
- 2) Grip putter with left arm straight and firm, with left thumb on top of shaft.
- 3) Turn club to right, with eyes perpendicular to ball.

- 4) Grip right hand over left so that groove fits into left thumb joint with reverse grip.
- 5) Exhaust air from lungs.
- 6) Move hands forward an inch to bring putter low on backstroke.
- 7) Bring club back with short swing, keeping wrists firm.
- 8) Follow through for about four to eight inches, depending on length of putt.
- 9) Hit the ball not longer than six seconds after you have decided the line.
- 10) Don't look at hole again until you have made the stroke, as more putts are missed by looking up too soon and too often than for any other reason.

ROBERT E. HUNTER

Intercollegiate Champion 1910

Santa Barbara, Calif.

● For word from another champion on what to do when you reach the next tee, see page 35.—ED.

BETTER AND BETTER

Sirs:

Last fall your magazine ran a cover of Oregon State's Terry Baker labeling him as the "best athlete in college" (Oct. 16). You certainly showed great foresight. Not only was Baker one of the nation's top football quarterbacks but he presently is one of the top basketball guards to be found anywhere. His "quarterbacking" has been a big instrument in Oregon State's fine 14-1 record (at this point). When college baseball starts he may be one of the better pitchers around, too. Congratulations on your fine judgment.

JOHN EGGERS

Corvallis, Ore.

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The Airy Mare with the Wild and Roving Eye

She cost only \$100, and was stubborn, mean and full of faults—but she taught her owner some priceless lessons

by MARY H. CADWALADER



There comes a time in the career of every horseman or horsewoman when the urge actually to own a horse becomes overwhelming. I was no exception—it hit me when I was 18 and had been riding for 12 years. But instead of shopping around for just the right horse—I didn't have the sense or the money—I simply went to a neighbor who had bought two mares to breed and had found one of them barren. I watched this mare trot across the pasture for a few minutes and, because I liked the airy way she moved, decided she was the horse for me. I had only \$100, but my neighbor was more than glad to get rid of the mare for that sum.

I quickly found that my newly purchased horse had many faults. She was a little mare, not quite 15.2 hands, but there was no delicacy about her, no pret-

tinence. She was short-coupled, with a thick, unseemly neck that was too muscled and too masculine for a mare. Her mane was as coarse as mattress ticking and absolutely refused to lie on the off side no matter how hard a groom might work over it.

Beyond mere appearance, she was a rugged tomboy with a wild and roving eye. She lunged and she backed and you could almost hear her cursing to herself when things didn't suit her. She carried her head too high, and almost broke my nose each time she tossed it. She tossed it often—in rage at me. She also had straight pasterns and a straight shoulder. These are conformation faults that guar-

antee rough guts and an unpleasant ride. I never knew many details of her life before she came to me. She had been foaled in Oklahoma, and at least she was

continued



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The Airy Mare *(continues)*

a registered Thoroughbred, although her antecedents were nothing to brag about. An Army officer had named her, suitably I thought, Doxy Girl.

My early days with Doxy Girl brought friction, to put it mildly. She despised waiting her turn to jump at a crowded panel and took it out on me and adjacent humans by kicking back in all directions. For two years I never hunted her without the warlet ribbon (badge of shame) braided into her tail. She ran up on the heels of whatever horse was in front of her, too, and when I hauled her back she flung up her head and knocked my teeth loose.

I got rebellious. I didn't like her tone of voice at all—and who was riding whom, anyway? I blistered my fingers keeping a tight hold, keeping her at the rear, taking back constantly to let others go ahead so that Doxy wouldn't damage them with her sharp iron heels. She began to sulk and stop at fences in retaliation. She loathed standing still at any time, but when I was trying to mount her she developed a new dodge: every time I got a toe in the iron and gave a mighty hop she would duck in toward the rail and toss me neatly overboard. Then she thought up something worse. Taking off toward a fence she would give a mammoth plunge—one great leap that, if it didn't unseat me, at least threw me off balance. Diving like a sprinter for the jump, at the last split second she would plant four feet like stakes of steel and stop dead.

Public humiliation

In this small hot war I began to weaken. New to hunting and timid anyway, I was first annoyed, then baffled, then downright terrified as each day's performance loomed up. The merry chase after fox and hounds became a dreary horror of public humiliation. I tried to comfort myself by reflecting that the other riders who sailed so superbly across country probably had \$1,000 horses and that the Master had paid \$3,000 for his well-mannered beauty. What did I expect, grinding along on a cheap western-bred plug? Small comfort this. Inside I knew the truth: I just couldn't ride Doxy Girl.

At last a friendly veteran horseman tipped me off. "You're wasting your time and hers," he said gently. "You're too busy riding her. Try being a passenger on her for awhile. See what you can

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learn from her instead of what you can teach her."

I gave her her head the next day, and she took it. She went right up front, thrusting boldly ahead of the field but (after she got over the shock of finding I had some courage after all) jumping like an Aintree winner. From that moment on she gave up kicking, and I abandoned the scarlet ribbon. I learned to think *with* her, not *for* her, to trust her feet, not guide them, and especially to throw my heart over the fence—as the old saying goes—knowing she would carry it and me and not let us down. From her pace I worried whether she would overrun hounds, but I discovered she had no intention of doing anything so gauche. Doxy Girl knew what this hunting business was all about, and when she knew that I realized she knew, we both got along famously.

Despite her considerable faults, and even though to this day we have never reached an affectionate footing (she considers any hint of affection nonsense), I have come to prize her for the many good qualities one often finds singly in a horse but seldom all in one package.

A speedy walker

First and foremost, she could walk. If you've ever fretted on that problem horse, the slow walker, you know what a blessing a long, true, ground-gulping walk can be. At the end of a day's galloping, when you're 14 dark, tiresome miles from the stable lights with rain coming on, it is worth anything to have a horse that can drop her head, ease her neck and walk fast.

Moreover, she could trot, and that's another attribute without price. Doxy Girl had two trots. Collected, she jogged along with her short little neck bowed in, her straight pasterns bouncing up a bit higher in the saddle than was comfortable. Extended, her reaching gait was something for the final heat of the Humberstonian. To cover a lot of country I would hike my stirrups a notch higher and sit well forward, posting from the kneecaps, while Doxy pounded out a tattoo that left other horses trailing and troubled.

My mare also had three canters. A certain set of signals (which it took me years to learn) would set her into a show-off style of going, high and slow with plenty of rock 'n' roll. She fought these signals, hating anything artificial, which,

continued



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DROP



BY DROP

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The Airy Mare continued

to her, the collected canter was. But she could do it. Let the reins out an inch and she'd stretch the gut into a hand gallop. Let her head go, take a jockey's seat, and she'd go into a dead run.

These gaits and the nimble pivot on the forehand or the haunches were surely taught her by her previous cavalryman owner. But her most brilliant asset was her footwork, and, at least in my experience, a horse is either born with this or does without.

Racing down a narrow trail spattered with roots, rotting logs and half-buried boulders, she moved like a deer, never stumbling or faltering. She sprang up rocky hillsides like a mountain goat and roared downhill or floated over groundhog holes and erosion gullies easily. Sloppy footwork (as I was to find out later, aboard other hunters) is a bit more frightening than blindness, more dangerous than riding a runaway.

There was the furious run in which we thundered downhill at a stiff rail fence and were in midair before I glimpsed a great heap of stones, neatly piled by some farmer, spread across our landing site. My stomach started to rise into my throat, but it never got there. The little prairie schooner beneath me stretched her fluid body, arched her back and set a front hoof precisely one inch beyond the stones.

She also displayed some other talents I had overlooked. One was the business of opening gates. As I reached for the latch she sidestepped conveniently and then weasled through the gap, did a 90° turn and stood still while I closed it again, reversed and was off, hardly losing a stride. She never crossed swamps with the heaving squelching uproar most horses make. Doxy limbered her legs and hunkered down in some sinuous motion that got us through all the gook without a splash and almost without a sound.

At the barns the grooms loved her. She was an "easy keeper," staying fit and sassy on five quarts of oats a day—starvation rations by most hunter standards.

She stood like a statue to be wished or clipped, and her stall was nearly as tidy as a lady's boudoir.

There was another day I remember vividly, a day when we came up from a stream bottom in strange country and found ourselves a single stride from an old, solid worm fence of vast proportions. Doxy Girl didn't bother with that stride. She walked to the fence, sprang—and soared. I went back to the place late in the afternoon, when hunting was over, and measured it: 5 feet 4 inches, and uphill besides. I was satisfied.

Later on I rode other horses—hunters



I was lent or given, and a young one I schooled myself. They had a lot of winning ways. I liked the gelding with the gaunt barrel and the jumping rump who begged wistfully for Coca-Cola whenever he saw a bottle in my hand. I liked the mischievous son of Whisk Broom II who romped in every brook and puddle—and who chewed pieces out of two good saddles inadvertently left near his stall door. I liked the tall peaceful mountain of a half-bred I rode for part of one season, and even the copper-colored colt with the hot Man o' War blood flowing goofily in his veins.

As for my Doxy Girl, I certainly didn't love her. She wouldn't allow it. But there she stands today in the sunset pasture, 30 years old, bowed in the tendon, ribby in the barrel and heavy in the chest, noncommittal and independent as ever—the horse that carried me four days a week for 10 seasons and taught me a hundred lessons. That figures out to \$1 a lesson. I reckon I wasn't robbed.

END

(continued from front flap of this insert)

We maintained our 2nd place position in Beer, Wine and Liquor pages, meanwhile moving from 5th to 4th in Liquor pages per se. In Beer, we ranked 3rd among all magazines. As we are fond of saying, sport is something people do together, so it's no wonder that SI subscribers are sociable, gregarious, and very entertaining people! 76% of all SI households drink or serve liquor, and, of these, 21.6% purchase in case lots.

(pages) **BEER, WINE & LIQUOR**

747	NEW YORKER
281	SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
272	NEWSWEEK
261	LIFE
228	GOURMET



We continue to rank 1st among all magazines in Camera and Photographic Supply advertising pages. When you picture an ideal market for cameras, how can you go wrong with larger-than-average (more babies), well-to-do, younger, outdoors minded families? **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has them: cross tabs on our 1,000,000 families indicate they take twice as many pictures as the average U.S. family; they already own more than 4,000,000 pieces of amateur photographic equipment. (In the broader classification, Jewelry, Optical Goods and Cameras, we maintained our 2nd place standing.)

(pages) **CAMERAS & SUPPLIES**

76	SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
64	NEW YORKER
61	LIFE
37	HOLIDAY
32	POST



In the Travel classification, we went from 9th to 7th place in pages of Travel, Hotels and Resorts—the biggest page increase of any of the top ten magazines in this category. In fact, in Passenger Travel, every magazine in the top ten lost pages except **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, which continued on its upward progress.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED makes a natural travel medium. Not only do its pages reflect some of the most exciting things that go on around the globe, but the people who read this magazine just simply have more money and more time—and more active natures. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** goes into 1 out of every 53 U.S. households, but these SI households hold 1 out of every 6 air travel cards, 1 out of every 9 passports.

(pages) **TRAVEL, HOTELS & RESORTS**

689	NEW YORKER
401	HOLIDAY
341	SUNSET
239	TIME
188	NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC
162	NEWSWEEK
152	SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
142	SATURDAY REVIEW
126	MODERN BRIDE
107	FIELD & STREAM



In 1961 **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** moved up to 4th place among all weekly magazines in pages of Toiletries and Toilet Goods advertising. We were 2nd in Shaving Goods and Lotions, 4th in Toilet Soaps, 3rd in Deodorants, and 3rd in Personal Hygiene and Health Products.

Drugs and toiletries are thought of as mass products—and for a selective magazine like **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** to score so well in this category may seem phenomenal, but it really is scarcely surprising. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** brings such advertisers their heavy-user customers: larger families with more money, better jobs, bigger homes. They are well worth concentration of selling effort.

(pages) **TOILETRIES & TOILET GOODS**

400	NEW YORKER
212	LIFE
125	LOOK
102	SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
101	GOOD HOUSEKEEPING



In one of our most natural categories, Sporting Goods and Toys, we moved up from 5th to 4th place in revenue. Only the three so-called "outdoor" books, devoted almost exclusively to this classification, outstripped us. More than any other magazine, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** brings to sporting goods manufacturers a tremendous range of sports enthusiasts: golfers, fishermen, hunters, skiers, boatmen, bowlers, tennis players. And what's more, the bowler is likely to be a golfer and a skier. Or you may want to make up your own combination.

(revenue) **SPORTING GOODS & TOYS**

\$1,537,243	FIELD & STREAM
1,369,787	OUTDOOR LIFE
1,090,750	SPORTS AFIELD
1,021,511	SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
847,737	BOY'S LIFE



But then, as 1961 is history, so are these figures. They are not goals in themselves—but mileposts; or, if you will, signposts to the future. When this time rolls around next year, we hope and trust that we will have done even better by ourselves, so that **PIB** will be able to do even better by us.

And, so far, things do look brighter. Advertising renewals are coming in at a rate exceeding last year's, and new accounts are coming in to keep them company. 1962 looks to be a better year than 1961 all around—and we did pretty well in 1961.

In my last memo, I spoke about the bright futures selective magazines have to look forward to, and I included, of course, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. I think the above facts and figures are some concrete examples of what a growing selective magazine can do in, and contribute to, a growing economy.

Excelsior!

Pete Callaway

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Buick Special 

